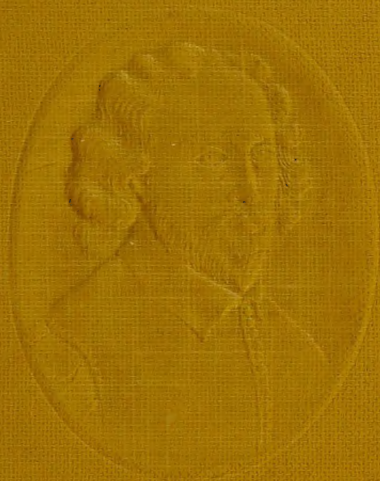
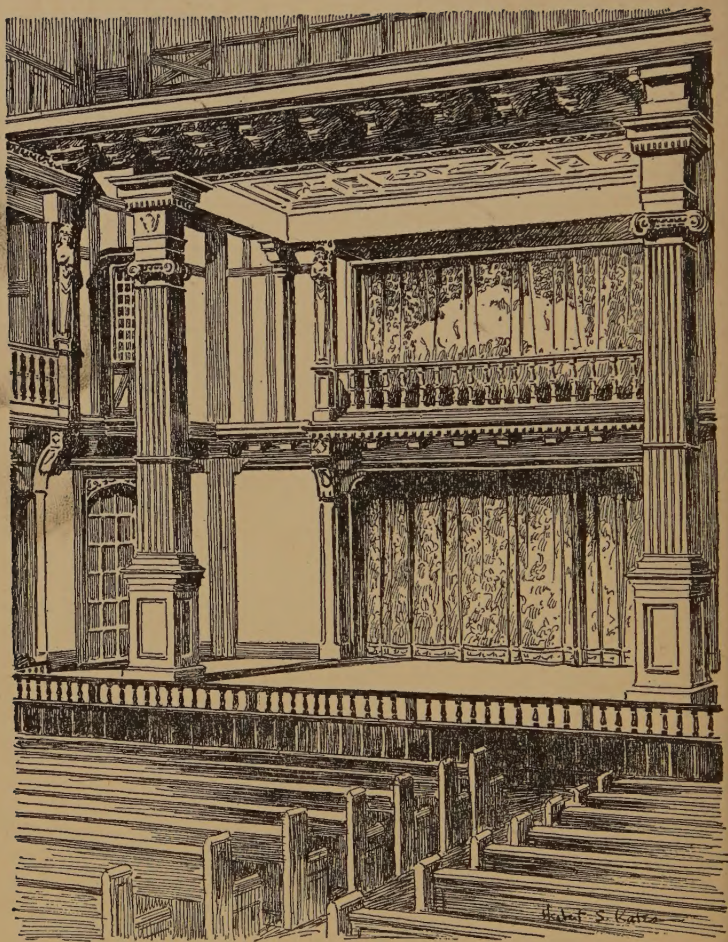


JULIUS CAESAR



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

~~74~~
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Shakespeare Theatre, Folger Library, Washington, D. C.
Replica of a typical theatre of Shakespeare's time.

JULIUS CAESAR

With the Famous Temple Notes

by
William Shakespeare

With Copious Notes and Comments by
Henry Norman Hudson, M.A.
Israel Gollancz, M.A.
C. H. Herford, Litt.D.
and One Hundred Other
Eminent Shakespearean Authorities

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Publishers

New York

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY
J. J. LITTLE & IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

**THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR**

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Julius Cæsar was first published in the Folio of 1623. It was printed with exceptional care, and its text is so accurate, that (as the Cambridge editors rightly observe) it may perhaps have been printed from the original manuscript of the author. In this respect it contrasts strongly with the play preceding it in the Folio, the tragedy of *Timon of Athens*. It would seem that the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was proceeded with before the Editors had procured the copy for *Timon*.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of November 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare derived his materials for *Julius Cæsar* from Sir Thomas North's famous translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, and more especially from the Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. In this play, as in the case of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is impossible to over-estimate Shakespeare's debt to North's monumental version of the work which has been described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." In *Julius Cæsar*, as in the other Roman plays, the dramatist has often borrowed

North's very expressions,¹ while "of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch." Nevertheless, a comparison of the play with its original reveals the poet's transforming power; he has thrown "a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is not wholly his own."²

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"The Lives of the Noble Grecians, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer PLUTARKE OF CHERONIA, translated out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and now out of French into English by THOMAS NORTH. 1579."³

Specially noteworthy is Shakespeare's compression of the action, for the purposes of dramatic representation, *e. g.* (i) Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the *Lupercalia* (historically it was celebrated six months be-

¹ One example will suffice to show the correspondence of the verse and prose:—

"I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself."

(V. iv. 21-25.

Cp. "I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself" (North's Life of Brutus).

² *Vide* Trench's *Lectures on Plutarch* (pp. 64-66).

³ The best modern edition is in Mr. Nutt's "*Tudor Translations*"; Vol. I. contains an excellent introductory study by Mr. Wyndham.

Prof. Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (Macmillan) is a valuable and handy book for students.

It is impossible to say which edition of North's *Plutarch* was used by Shakespeare: new editions appeared in 1595, 1603, and 1612. As far as *Julius Cæsar* is concerned the choice is limited to the first and second editions. The Greenock 1612 edition, with the initials W. S. and with some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, was certainly not used for the present play.

fore); (ii) the combination of the two battles of Philippi (the interval of twenty days being ignored); (iii) the murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius, are made to take place on the same day (not so actually).

Again, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in making the Capitol the scene of the murder, instead of the *Curia Pompeiana*. In this point, however, he follows a literary tradition, which is already found in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*:—

“In the Capitol anon him hente (*i. e.* seized)
This falsē Brutus, and his other foon,
And stikked him with bodēkins anon
With many a wound, and thus they let him lie.”

(It will be remembered that Polonius in his student-days “did enact Julius Cæsar,” “*I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.*” “*It was a brute part,*” observed Hamlet, “*to kill so capital a calf there,*” *Hamlet*, III, ii, 115–116).

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

Perhaps the most valuable piece of external evidence for the date of *Julius Cæsar* is to be found in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in 1601; the following lines are obviously a direct reference to the present play:—

“The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewn
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?”

Similarly, Drayton's *Barons' Wars*—a revised version made before 1603 of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596—contains what may possibly have been a reminiscence of Shakespeare's famous lines:—

“His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him,” etc.¹

This external evidence, pointing to *circa* 1601 as the date of the play, is borne out by general considerations

¹ It is remarkable that the 1619 edition of *The Barons' Wars*, con-

of style and versification.¹ The paucity of light-endings and weak-endings (10 of the former, and none of the latter) contrasts with the large number found in the other Roman plays (71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*).

An interesting suggestion connects *Julius Cæsar* with the political affairs of 1601, to wit, Essex' reckless conspiracy. It is probably saying too much to make the play a political manifesto, but the subject would certainly "come home to the ears and hearts of a London audience of 1601, after the favorite's out-break against his sovereign. *Et tu, Brute!* would mean more to them than to us" (Dr. Furnivall, *Academy*, Sept. 18, 1875).

JULIUS CÆSAR AND HAMLET

Brutus and Hamlet are, as it were, twin-brothers,—idealists forced to take a prominent part in the world of action, when they would fain contemplate the actions of others; action brings ruin alike to the reckless philosopher taining a further revision of the passage, comes very near indeed to the passage in Shakespeare, *e. g.*:—

"As that it seem'd, when Nature him began
She meant to show all that might be a man."

¹ Mr. Fleay thinks that the present form of the play belongs to the year 1607, and that it represents an abridgment of a fuller play; hence "the paucity of rhymes, the number of short lines, and the brevity of the play." The same critic holds that Ben Jonson abridged the play. "Shakespeare and Jonson probably worked together on *Sejanus* in 1602-1603. He having helped Jonson then in a historical play, what more likely than that Jonson should be chosen to remodel Shakespeare's *Cæsar*, if it needed to be reproduced in a shorter form than he gave it originally? And for such reproduction (after Shakespeare's death, between 1616 and 1623) to what author would such work of abridgment have been entrusted except Shakespeare's critical friend Jonson? Fletcher would have enlarged, not shortened" (*cp. Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 262-270). But would the learned Jonson have permitted such errors as "Decius" Brutus, and the like? The student should contrast the archæologically "correct," but lifeless, *Sejanus*, with Shakespeare's living characters infused with the Roman spirit.

and to the irresolute blood-avenger. Shakespeare recognized the kinship of the two characters, and it would seem, from internal evidence, that his mind was busy with the two conceptions at about the same time. Polonius, as has already been pointed out, prides himself on his personation of *Julius Cæsar*, while at the University; Horatio, who is "more an antique Roman than a Dane," sees in the apparition of "the buried majesty of Denmark" the precursor of fierce events, even as

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets";

Hamlet, in the graveyard, moralizes on "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to dust"; when the King, watching "the poison of deep grief" in poor Ophelia, reproaches himself for having done but greenly "*in hugger-mugger*" to inter her father, who can doubt that the strange phrase is a reminiscence of North's *Life of Brutus*?¹

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS

If, as is most probable, *Julius Cæsar* preceded *Hamlet*, it is not altogether surprising to find in the latter play these striking references to the former subject. It would, however, prove a matter of greater interest and importance were we to discover in *Julius Cæsar* some direct connection with the subject of *Hamlet*. The present writer ventures to think that he may have found some such connection. Brutus' famous address to the assembled Romans (Act III, sc. ii) has an irresistible fascination for the student of the play. Its curtness is said to be in imitation of the speaker's "famed laconic brevity," whereof Shakespeare found a vivid account in North's *Life of Brutus*,² but one looks

¹ "Antony thinking good that Cæsar's body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger."

² "When the war began he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money; if you have

in vain for any suggestion of the speech in any of the *Lives*.¹

The original of the speech, according to the theory here hazarded, is perhaps to be found in Belleforest's *History of Hamlet*. Chapter VI (in the earliest extant English version) tells, "*How Hamlet, having slain his Uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes to shew them what he had done*"; etc. The situation of Hamlet is almost identical with that of Brutus after he has dealt the blow, and the burden of Hamlet's too lengthy speech finds an echo in Brutus' sententious utterance. The verbose iteration of the Dane has been compressed to suit "the brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians."²

done so willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end' " (*Life of Brutus*).

¹ Similarly, no direct source for Antony's speech to the citizens (Act III. Scene ii.) is to be found in *Plutarch*. It is just possible that a few bare hints were derived from Appian's *History of the Civil War*, which had been translated, from Greek, into English before 1578.

² I draw attention to the following sentences taken at random from the English translation (dated 1608), without entering into the question of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Belleforest in the original French:—"If there be any among you, good people of Denmark, that as yet have fresh within your memories the wrong done to the valiant King Horvendile, let him not be moved, etc. . . . If there be any man that affecteth fidelity . . . let him not be ashamed beholding this massacre. . . . The hand that hath done this justice could not effect it by any other means. . . . And what mad man is he that delighteth more in the tyranny of Fengon than in the clemency and renewed courtesy of Horvendile? And what man is he, that having any spark of wisdom, etc. I perceive you are attentive, and abashed for not knowing the author of your deliverance." (The whole speech should be read in Collier's Reprint of the *History of Hamlet, Shakespeare Library*.)

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of *Julius Cæsar* is six days represented on the stage, with intervals, arranged as follows:—

- Day 1.* Act I, sc. i, ii. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. iii.
Day 3. Acts II, III. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act IV, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act IV, sc. ii, iii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act V.

The historical period extends from Cæsar's Triumph, October, 45 B.C., to the Battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

PLAYS ON "JULIUS CÆSAR"

(i) There is no doubt as to the popularity of the subject of *Julius Cæsar* on the English stage before the appearance of Shakespeare's play, though it is extremely doubtful whether the latter owes anything to its predecessors, unless it be the phrase "*Et tu, Brute*," which may indirectly have been derived from Dr. Eedes' play of *Cæsar's Interfecti*, acted at Oxford in 1582. Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions *Cæsar and Pompey*; while from Machyn's *Diary* it is inferred that *Julius Cæsar* was represented at Whitehall as early as 1562, but this is somewhat doubtful.

According to Henslowe's *Diary*, "*the Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey; or Cæsar's Revenge*" was produced in 1594.

(ii) The present play evidently called forth rival productions, and gave a fresh interest to the subject,¹ for we find that a play entitled *Cæsar's Fall* was, in 1602, being prepared by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and

¹ The popularity of Shakespeare's play is in all probability attested by Leonard Digges' verses prefixed to the First Folio (1623):—

"Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
 Than when thy half sword parlying Romans spake," etc.

others. In 1604 William Alexander, Lord Stirling, published in Scotland his "*Julius Cæsar*," which was re-published in England some three years later.

A droll or puppet-show on the same subject is mentioned by Marston in 1605, and by Jonson in 1609.

Cæsar's Tragedy acted at Court, April 10, 1613, was possibly Shakespeare's play (*vide* Note, *supra*).

(In Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* (*circa* 1608) the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is imitated).

(iii) After the publication of the First Folio we have Thomas May's Latin Play, 1625, and George Chapman's "*Cæsar and Pompey: a Roman Tragedy, declaring their wars, out of whose events is evicted this proposition that only a just man is a free man.*"

(iv) In 1719 Davenant and Dryden published their alteration of Shakespeare's play, adapting it to the tastes of their day. To about the same period belongs Voltaire's *Le Brutus*, an interesting document illustrative of the slow appreciation of Shakespeare on the Continent; its introductory essay on "Tragedy" is almost as instructive as the text. No play of Shakespeare's has been more popular, and probably none has become more widely known, translated into strangest dialects, so that the words spoken by Cassius have a prophetic significance in a sense other than that intended by their inspired author:—

"How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar was printed with remarkable clearness and accuracy, the acts being regularly marked, but not the scenes, in the folio of 1623, where it stands the sixth in the division of Tragedies. Perhaps no play in the volume has fewer troublesome readings, or presents less occasion for editorial ingenuity in ascertaining the text; for which cause it has suffered comparatively little from the mendings and tamperings of modern editors. Notwithstanding, some accidental omissions and some needless changes have been made.

We have no clear authority towards fixing the date of the composition. External evidence there is none whatever, on which any great reliance can be placed for this purpose. Malone assigned the year 1607 as the probable time of the writing; his only ground for doing so being the supposition that it was written after the appearance of a tragedy on the same subject by Lord Sterline; which tragedy he supposed to have been first published in 1607. But, in the first place, there is no reason for inferring the date of either of these tragedies from that of the other; they have nothing in common but what would naturally result from using a common authority; while at the same time the subject had been too often treated dramatically to warrant the argument of either play having been suggested by the other: in the second place, Lord Sterline's tragedy is now known to have been published as early as 1604.

Mr. Collier thinks there is good ground for believing that the play in hand was acted before 1603. We shall set

forth his argument as succinctly as possible. In the last speech but one of the play, Antony speaks of Brutus thus:

“His life was gentle; and *the elements*
So mix'd in him, that *Nature* might stand up,
 And say to all the world, ‘*This was a man!*’”

In Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, as published in 1603, occurs the following stanza, speaking of Mortimer:

“Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
 In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
 In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
So mix'd, as none could sovereignty impute;
 As all did govern, yet all did obey:
 His lively temper was so absolute,
 That 't seem'd, when Heaven his model first began,
 In him it show'd *perfection in a man.*”

Mr. Collier thinks Italic type is hardly wanted to prove that one poet borrowed not only the thought but the very words of the other. The question is, who was the borrower? The *Barons' Wars* first appeared in 1596; but what is said of Mortimer in that edition bears no likeness whatsoever to the speech of Antony. Drayton afterwards recast the whole poem, and put forth an edition in 1603, containing the stanza quoted above. Mr. Collier's argument is, that Drayton, having before that date seen the play in manuscript or heard it at the theater, caught and copied the idea and words of Shakespeare, without being conscious of it; and hence the resemblance in question. And he thinks this conclusion is further strengthened by the fact, that in the later editions of the poem, in 1605, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained the same as in that of 1603; while in that of 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before the tragedy was published, the resemblance was made still closer, thus:

“He was a man, then, boldly dare to say,
 In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
 In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
 That none to one could sovereignty impute;

As all did govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
She meant to show *all that might be in man.*"

We give this argument for what it is worth, and hope it has lost none of its proper force in our statement. Nevertheless, we have to own that we can make nothing out of it for the purpose. Nay, of the two, we should rather conclude from the premises here furnished, that the indebtedness, if there be any, lies the other way. For we believe, not only that Shakespeare was in fact the greatest thief of mental treasure in his time, but that he could therefore all the better afford to borrow from others, forasmuch as he had so much more of his own than any body else, and forasmuch as his own was so much better than anybody's else. And indeed we hold it to be one of his highest merits, that his genius sucked in whatever of good there was in the intellectual atmosphere where it moved, and then reproduced it in just the right place, and applied it exactly where and as it would best fit. But in this case the thought, however just and happy it may seem to us, or may be in itself, was really but a philosophical commonplace among the writers of Shakespeare's time; who held that all things both in the world of matter and of mind were composed of the four original elements, earth, water, air, and fire; and that harmony and felicity of mind and character lay in these elements being rightly mixed: these standing together in due proportion, order and excellence were the result; otherwise, the result was eccentricity or defect. Images and expressions implying this theory are often met with in the Poet's works, and hardly less often in other writers of that age. If, however, there were in this case any thing more than a mere coincidence of thought and language, the most likely conclusion would seem to be, that Shakespeare, having read Drayton's poem, borrowed his matter, and that then Drayton, having heard Shakespeare's play, borrowed his improvement of it.

Other critics of great and well-seasoned judgment, and

from whose conclusions we are very reluctant to dissent, refer this drama to the Poet's latest period, placing it, as to the time of writing, in the same class with *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Coriolanus*. Among those so judging are found the high names of Coleridge, Campbell, and Verplanck. And their judgment herein is avowedly grounded, not on the qualities of style and versification, but on what they consider the more calm and ripened tone of philosophic thought pervading the play. The point need not be better stated than in the words of Campbell: "I cannot, on the whole, but remark a more matured tone of philosophy in the classical and later, than in the earlier and romantic, dramas of Shakespeare. By his classical dramas I mean the three great ones, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. The philosophy that illuminates *Hamlet* has, possibly from the hero being neither entirely in his perfect mind nor entirely out of it, a certain vagueness and obscurity, unlike the deep and clear insight into human nature displayed in the classical dramas which I have named. I attribute this difference, not to the influence of classical or unclassical subjects, but to the ripened growth of the Poet's mind."

Now, for ourselves, we cannot discover, in *Julius Cæsar*, quite that serene and mellow philosophy, that entire and absolute aloofness of self from the representation, that pure and perfect transparency of mind,—like the light of heaven, revealing every thing it looks upon, yet remaining itself unseen,—which especially distinguishes the dramas that we reckon of the Poet's latest period. On the contrary, we seem to feel, in this play, somewhat of the same enthusiasm—a chaste and well-regulated enthusiasm, we grant, that scarce disturbs the balance of dramatic justice, and such as an angel need not blush to acknowledge—which discovers itself in *Hamlet* and other plays written between 1600 and 1605. To go no further, there are several speeches put into the mouth of Cæsar, which cannot be regarded as historically characteristic; and which certainly do not give a just impression of that greatest of all

the Romans, and who was perhaps the man of the highest and most varied powers and accomplishments, that ever figured in the political history of the world. In this part of the drama at least, we seem to miss somewhat of that wonderful calmness and elevation of soul, which discloses itself in *Coriolanus* and *The Tempest*, as if the Poet had looked on too many things, and seen into them and through them, to be at all captivated to or from the special interests of any one of them; having reached that stage and perfection of art,—if indeed it be not something higher than the highest art, and which but uses art as an organ for discoursing the harmonies of truth,—that he could pass into and, as it were, become the very persons themselves whom he studied or created, reproducing all the thoughts and feelings that were in them, as if they were his own, and yet all the while remain firmly himself and firmly within himself.

Another sort of argument has been drawn from the political cast and complexion of the three “classical dramas,” that they were written after the Poet’s mind had been specially excited to inquiries of that nature, by the great questions of public right against royal prerogative, which grew into general agitation early in the reign of James I. We will give this point the benefit of Mr. Verplanck’s clear and judicious statement. He is speaking of *Julius Cæsar*: “The composition of this drama, like that of *Coriolanus*, may with all reasonable probability be assigned to some of the seven or eight years subsequent to 1607;—that period of the author’s life and of the history of English liberty, when the principles of popular rights were first distinctly and continuously brought into collision with the doctrine of divine regal power and prerogative. Not indeed that the English people had not long before, even under the Plantagenets, often been driven by wrong to assert their natural or chartered rights, and thus to preserve a larger share of personal liberty than was to be found elsewhere. But it was in the early years of James I that these great questions were first formally carried into the

elections, and made the subject of elaborate discussion, as well as of popular appeal, through the press and the action of the House of Commons. When the public mind had been roused to such inquiries, it was natural that the dramatic poet—as the experience of every age of revolution and strong political excitement has shown—should partake, in some way, of the spirit animating and pervading all about him. Shakespeare appears to have looked at and studied the phenomena of political strife, with the eye at once of an artist, as to their external appearance, and of a philosopher, as to their principles and moral causes; but with little of the spirit of a partizan.”

And in another place, where he is speaking to the same subject, he mentions the years 1610 and 1613 as the time when these questions broke out into open legislative controversy, and came to be matter of formal debate and of steady concerted action in Parliament. But, in the first place, it stands to reason and experience that such agitations should be brewing in secret, mingling in the currents of private study and social converse, and entering largely into “the talk man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk of the mind’s business,” for some years before they could work and establish themselves into definite legislative and judicial issues. In the second place, they grew forth into such action and expression some years earlier than the time assigned. The very first Parliament after the accession of James was deeply charged with their spirit and efficacy, thus showing that they had for some time been gathering strength, and were then ready to leap forth into effect upon the first coming of opportunity. The proclamation convoking this Parliament was itself irregular, assuming it as the right of the crown to control the election and return of members. After the meeting, their first business was upon an issue with the king, which ended in establishing their right of exclusive jurisdiction in such cases. Then, the king having set himself, with that bungling and blundering wrong-headedness which was probably inherent in him, to dictate their privileges, and to make

the law subject to his will, the House of Commons planted itself in an attitude of firm resistance. And when the king took upon him to censure some parts of their course, this gave rise to a high-toned vindication, which was drawn up by a committee and in pursuance of an order of the House, setting forth a full and pertinent justification of the censured proceedings, and asserting, with respectful boldness and in explicit language, the constitutional rights and liberties of Parliament. This was in the spring of 1604. At the time fixed for the next session, which was in the fall of 1605, the struggle was on the point of being resumed, when it was arrested and postponed by the all-exciting discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. As soon as this excitement had in a measure passed off, the struggle was renewed in all its bitterness; and continued thenceforward through the whole of the reign. From all which it seems clear enough that the elements of this contest, so far from being asleep till 1610, were thoroughly prepared and marshaled for practical assertion even so early as the first year of James.

But, what seems still more decisive against the argument in hand, these classical dramas have not, that we can discover, any peculiarity in this respect but what would grow naturally from the subject-matter itself, as the Poet found it in Plutarch. Had he invented the collisions and struggles between public right and individual temper, which mark these plays, then indeed his course might fairly be derived from the special rising currents of popular thought at the time: but, in the instances here represented, and in all the main characters and circumstances attending them, with the single exception of "the mightiest Julius," he follows with remarkable closeness the narratives of the historian. The persons and events he took just as they were furnished to his hand; though it is indeed true, that, in selecting and ordering them for dramatic reproduction, he penetrated far more deeply than Plutarch did or could into the principles which underlie and determine the forms and workings of social and civil organization. For

it seems to have been a necessity of his genius, in reknitting the facts and characters of history, to evolve their inmost significance, and train them forth complicated with the largest and deepest insight of those living laws which gave them shape and made them what they were.

All which seems to clear up the ground for what we believe to be the only argument that will really hold touching the date of *Julius Cæsar*. This argument has reference solely to the diction and meter of the play, the general form and structure of the sentences, the cast and texture of the imagery; in all which respects the play relishes, to our mind, of the Poet's style during the first five years of the seventeenth century, the same period which gave us *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and when it will hardly be questioned that his insight of things was deep enough and his grasp of them large enough to fill up the measures of any criticism that has yet made its appearance. Shakespeare began with what may be regarded as a preponderance of the lyrical or poetic elements over the dramatic. As we trace the growth and course of his mind upward and onward, we may, it seems to us, discover a gradual rising of the latter elements into greater strength and prominence, until at last they had the former in complete subjection. Now, where external evidence is wanting, it is mainly from the relative strength of these elements in the composition, that we argue the probable date. And we submit, that in *Julius Cæsar* the versification is more free and flowing, the diction more gliding and continuous, the course of the sentence more even and regular, the imagery more round and amplified, than we find in the dramas confessedly of his latest period. So that, touching the date of the writing, we rest in much the same conclusion as Mr. Collier, though we come to it on very different grounds.

The historical materials of this drama were taken from the *Lives of Julius Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony*, as set forth in North's translation of Plutarch. We proceed to condense, retaining, however, as far as practicable the very

words of the translator, so much of the narratives as relates to the main action of the play.

Marcius Brutus, having framed his life by the rules of virtue and study of philosophy, and having employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting great things, methinks he was rightly made and framed unto virtue. So that his very enemies which wish him most hurt because of his conspiracy against Cæsar, if there were any thing noble done in this conspiracy, refer it wholly unto Brutus; and all the cruel and violent acts unto Cassius, who was Brutus' familiar friend, but not so well given and conditioned as he.

Marcus Cato the philosopher was brother unto Servilia, Marcus Brutus' mother; whom Brutus studied most to follow of all the Romans, and afterwards married his daughter. Touching the Grecian philosophers, there was no sect of them but he heard and liked; but above all he loved Plato's sect best, and did not much give himself to the New Academy.

When the Empire was divided into factions, and Cæsar and Pompey were in arms one against the other, it was thought that Brutus would take part with Cæsar, because Pompey not long before had put his father to death. But Brutus, preferring the respect of his country before private affection, and persuading himself that Pompey had juster cause to enter into arms than Cæsar, took part with Pompey; though oftentimes meeting him before he thought scorn to speak to him. It is reported that Pompey, when he saw him come, rose out of his chair, and went and embraced him before them all, and used him as honorably as he could have done the noblest man that took his part. Brutus, being in Pompey's camp, did nothing but study all day long, except he were with Pompey. Furthermore, when others slept, or thought what would happen the morrow after, he fell to his book, and wrote all day long till night.

Now, when Cæsar took sea to go into Africa against Cato and Scipio, he left Brutus governor of Gaul in Italy,

which was a great good hap for that Province. For, while others were spoiled by the insolence and covetousness of governors, Brutus was a comfort and rest unto them. But he referred it wholly unto Cæsar's grace and goodness. When Cæsar returned, and progressed up and down Italy, the things that pleased him best to see were the cities under Brutus' charge, and Brutus himself, who honored Cæsar in person, and whose company also Cæsar greatly esteemed. Now, there were divers sorts of Prætorships in Rome, and it was looked for that Brutus and Cassius would make suit for the chiefest Prætorship, called the Prætorship of the city; because he that had that office was a judge to minister justice unto the citizens. Therefore they strove one against another, though they were allied together, Cassius having married Junia, Brutus' sister; and the place was so sought of either party, that one of them put another into suit of law. Cæsar, when he had heard them both, told his friends,—“Indeed, Cassius hath alleged best reason, yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus.” Thus Brutus had the first Prætorship, and Cassius the second; who thanked not Cæsar so much for that he had, as he was angry with him for that he lost.

The chiefest cause that made Cæsar mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king; which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill-will. Notwithstanding, they that procured him this honor gave out that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies, how the Romans might overcome the Parthians, if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise they were unconquerable. And they were so bold, besides, that, Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him they called him king. But, the people being offended, and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar.

Now, when Cassius felt his friends and did stir them up against Cæsar, they all agreed to take part with him, so Brutus were the chief of their conspiracy. For they told him that so high an enterprise did not so much require

men of courage to draw their swords, as to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man think that by his presence the fact were holy and just. Therefore Cassius, considering this matter, did speak to Brutus for the first time since the suit they had for the Prætorship. So, when he was reconciled to him, he asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of March, because he heard that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered, he would not be there. "But what if we be sent for," said Cassius, "how then?" "For myself, then," said Brutus, "I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty." Cassius replied, "Why, what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What, knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, and such like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy Prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well-assured, that of other Prætors they look for gifts, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp; but at thy hands they specially require the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for and that they hope thou art." Thereupon he kissed Brutus and embraced him; and so, each taking leave of other, they went both to speak with their friends about it.

Amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. Therefore Brutus went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him,—“Ligarius, at what a time art thou sick!” Ligarius, rising up and taking him by the right hand, said unto him,—“Brutus, if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole.” After that time they began to feel all whom they trusted, and did not only pick out their friends, but those also whom they thought

stout enough to attempt any desperate matter, and not afraid to lose their lives. For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, would quite turn their purpose and quench the heat of their enterprise. Furthermore, only the name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to consent; who, not taking or giving any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, all kept the matter so secret, and so cunningly handled it, that, notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed.

Now, a day being appointed for the meeting of the Senate, at what time they hoped Cæsar would not fail to come, the conspirators determined then to put their enterprise in execution; and the rather, that all the noblest and chiefest men of the city would be there; who, when they should see such a great matter executed, would every man set to their hands for the defense of their liberty. They thought also that the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by Divine Providence. For it was one of the porches about the theater in the which there was a place full of seats; where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honor of him. In this place was the assembly of the Senate to be, just on the fifteenth day of March, which the Romans call *Idus Martius*; so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slain for revenge of Pompey's death.

When the day was come, Brutus went out of his house with a dagger by his side under his long gown. The other conspirators were all assembled at Cassius' house, and from thence they came all together unto Pompey's porch, looking that Cæsar would come straight thither. Notwithstanding, there fell out many misfortunes, enough to have

marred the enterprise. The first and chiefest was Cæsar's long tarrying; for, because the sacrifices appeared unlucky, his wife kept him at home, and the Soothsayers bade him beware he went not abroad. The second cause was, a senator called Popilius Lena, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius, rounded softly in their ears,—“I pray the gods you may go through with that you have in hand; but, despatch, for your enterprise is bewrayed.” He presently departed, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out.

When Cæsar came, Popilius Lena went unto him, and kept him a long time with talk. Wherefore, the conspirators, not hearing what he said to Cæsar, were afraid, every man of them; and it was easy to see they were all of a mind, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Lena, said nothing, but with a pleasant look encouraged Cassius. Immediately after Lena went from Cæsar and kissed his hand; which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. All the senators being entered into the place where the council should be kept, Trebonius drew Antony aside as he came into the house, and held him with a long talk. So, Cæsar coming in, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. When he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them one Metellus Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar at the first simply refused their entreaties, but afterwards, perceiving that the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both hands plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger, and strake Cæsar in the neck,

but gave him no great wound. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his hand and held it hard, and cried out in Latin,—“O, traitor Casca, what doest thou?” Casca, on the other side, cried in Greek,—“Brother, help me.” At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed at the sight they had no power to fly, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcry. They, on the other side, that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hackled and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder. Men report that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body; but, when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn, he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven against the base whereon Pompey’s image stood, which ran all of a gore blood till he was slain. It is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body; and, so many swords lighting on him, one hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, and all the rest were every man of them bloodied.

Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have stayed the other senators to tell them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another’s neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and intreat all the rest to defend their liberty. All the conspirators but Brutus thought it good also to kill Antony; but Brutus would not agree to it; first, for that it was not honest, secondly, because there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust but that Antony, when he should know that Cæsar was dead, would willingly help his country to re-

cover her liberty. So he saved Antony's life, who at that time disguised himself, and stole away. But Brutus and his consorts went straight to the Capitol. There, a great number of men being assembled, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favor of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon they came down to the market-place. The rest followed, but Brutus went foremost, honorably compassed about with the noblest men of the city, who brought him to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. Howbeit, immediately after, they showed that they were not all contented with the murder: for when another called Cinna would have spoken, and began to accuse Cæsar, they fell into a great uproar, and marvelously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned to the Capitol. There Brutus, being afraid to be besieged, sent back the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason that they who were no partakers of the murder should be partakers of the danger.

The next morning, the Senate being assembled, it was decreed to pardon and forget all that was past, and to establish friendship and peace again; and Antony, to put them in heart, sent them his son for a pledge. Upon this assurance, they came down from the Capitol, where every man saluted and embraced each other, among whom Antony himself bade Cassius to supper, and Lepidus bade Brutus, and so one bade another, as they had friendship and acquaintance together. The next day they came to talk of Cæsar's will and testament. Then, Antony thinking good his testament should be read openly, and that his body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might take occasion to be worse

offended; Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citiẓen seventy-five drachmas, and left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber, the people then loved him, and were marvelous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antony, making his funeral oration, and perceiving that his words moved the people to compassion, framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and, taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open in the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst them. For some cried, "Kill the murderers"; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places; and, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger, provided for themselves and fled.

The state of Rome standing thus, there fell out another change when young Octavius Cæsar came to Rome. He was the son of Julius Cæsar's niece, whom he had adopted and made his heir by his last will and testament. When Julius Cæsar was slain, he was in the city of Apollonia where he studied; but when he heard of his death he returned to Rome, where, to curry favor with the people, he took upon him his adopted father's name, and made distribution of the money which his father had bequeathed unto them. After that, these three, Octavius Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, made an agreement, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the Empire among themselves; and did set up bills of proscription and out-

lawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one.

Whilst Brutus and Cassius were together in the city of Smyrna, Brutus prayed Cassius to let him have some part of his money, whereof he had great store. Cassius' friends hindered this request, persuading him that it was no reason that Brutus should have the money, which Cassius had gotten together by sparing and levied with great ill-will of the people, to bestow liberally on his soldiers, and by this means win their good wills. Notwithstanding, Cassius gave him a third part of the total sum. Some time after, Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping. Their friends that were without, hearing them loud and angry between themselves, were amazed and afraid, lest it would grow to a further matter.

The next day, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella, who had been a Prætor of the Romans, for that he was convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because, not many days before, two of his friends having been convicted of the like offense, he had openly cleared them. Therefore he greatly reprovèd Brutus, that he would show himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pillèd nor robbed the country, but was a favorer of them that did. And if there were any cause

why they might set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to suffer Cæsar's friends to do what wrong they would, than to bear with their own men.

When they raised their camp, there came two eagles that lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and followed the soldiers, who gave them meat, until they came near to the city of Philippi; and there one day before the battle they flew away. Octavius Cæsar came not thither till ten days after; and Antony camped against Cassius, and Brutus on the other side against Cæsar. Brutus first of all mustered his army, and did purify it in the fields, according to the manner of the Romans. It is reported that, while occupied about this purification, there chanced certain unlucky signs unto Cassius. For one of his sergeants that carried the rods before him brought him the garland of flowers turned backward, the which he should have worn on his head in the time of sacrificing. Yet further, there was seen a marvelous number of fowls of prey, that feed upon dead carcasses; and bee-hives also were found in a certain place within the camp, which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions. Thereupon he was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to draw it out, considering that they were the stronger in money and the weaker in men. But Brutus did desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of a battle as soon as might be, to the end he might either quickly restore his country to her liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world. Thereupon it was determined they should fight the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked cheerful, like one that had good hope, and talked wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But, touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and told him in Greek,—“Messala, I protest unto thee and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will, as

Pompey the Great was, to put the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. Yet we must be lively and of good courage, although we follow evil counsel." Messala writeth that Cassius, having spoke these last words, bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper the next night, because it was his birth-day.

The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in their camp, which was an arming scarlet coat; and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. There Cassius began to speak first, and said,—“The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after live quietly one with another. But since the greatest things amongst men are most uncertain, and if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly or to die?” Brutus answered,—“I trust, I know not how, a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful act, touching the gods, nor, concerning men, valiant; not to yield to Divine Providence and patiently take whatsoever it pleaseth Him to send us, but to draw back and fly. But now, being in the midst of danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither make any new supply for war, but will rid me of this miserable world: for I gave up my life for my country on the Ides of March.” Cassius fell a-laughing, to hear what he said, and, embracing him, said,—“Come on, then, and let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors.”

After this talk, they fell to consultation for the ordering of the battle. Then Brutus prayed he might have the leading of the right wing. Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala should also be in that wing. Brutus sent little bills to the colonels and captains, in which he wrote the word of battle. By this means very few of them understood what the word was, and the most part never tarried

to have it told them, but ran with great fury to assail the enemies; whereby the legions were marvelously scattered. Then, being very earnest to follow them that fled, they ran into their camp, and Brutus among them. But that which the conquerors thought not of, occasion showed to them that were overcome; and that was, the left wing left naked of the right, who were strayed too far off. So they gave a hot charge, and overcame the wing where Cassius was, beating them into their camp, the which they spoiled. So that Brutus had conquered all on his side, and Cassius had lost all on the other: for nothing undid them, but that Brutus went not to help Cassius, thinking he had overcome, as himself had done; and Cassius tarried not for Brutus, thinking he had been overthrown, as himself was. Now, Brutus, returning from the chase, wondered much not to see Cassius' tent standing up high as it was wont. This made him mistrust what had happened: so he appointed a number of men to keep the camp he had taken, and sent for those that yet followed the chase, thinking to lead them to the aid of Cassius.

On the other side, Cassius was angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge and tarried not for the word of battle, and grieved, besides, that the men, after they had overcome, fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind. By reason of this delay, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemies: whereupon his horsemen brake and fled; and he, perceiving his footmen also to give ground, did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet. At length he also was compelled to fly, with a few about him, to a little hill, from whence they might see what was done in the plain. Howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving how the enemies spoiled his camp, and also a great troop of horsemen whom Brutus sent to aid him. These he thought were his enemies that followed him; yet he sent Titinius to go and know who they were. Brutus'

horsemen saw him coming afar off, and when they knew he was one of Cassius' friends they shouted for joy; and some 'lighted from their horses and went and embraced him, others compassed him round with songs of victory and great rushing of harness, so that they made all the field ring again. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking that Titinius was taken of the enemies, then spake these words: "Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face." After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, a bondman whom he reserved for such a pinch ever after the battle of the Parthians; then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen. By and by, they knew the horsemen, and saw Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came with great speed unto Cassius: but, when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends the misfortune that had chanced, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. Brutus in the mean time understood that Cassius had been overthrown, but knew nothing of his death till he came near to his camp. So, when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of the Romans, it being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man; he sent his body to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals in the camp should cause great disorder. Then he called his soldiers together, and did encourage them again.

Now, after Brutus had brought his army into the field, he paused a long time before he gave the signal of battle. In that place where himself fought in person he had the better, and brake into the left wing of his enemies. But the others, when the captains would have had them march, were afraid of being compassed in behind, and therefore did spread themselves; whereby having weakened them-

selves, they could not withstand the enemies, but turned tail and fled. And those that had put them to flight came in straight to compass Brutus behind, who in the midst of the conflict did all that was possible for a skillful captain and valiant soldier for the obtaining of victory. There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youth. For, notwithstanding he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not fly, but, manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name and also his father's name, he was beaten down among many of his enemies whom he had slain about him. So there were slain all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility, who ran into any danger to save Brutus' life; amongst whom was one of his friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of men going right against Brutus, told them he was Brutus, and prayed them to bring him to Antony. The men, being very glad of this good hap, carried him in the night, and sent some before to tell Antony of their coming. When Lucilius was brought to him, he said with a bold countenance,—“Antony, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive: God keep him from that fortune. But wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself.” Antony, on the other side, looking upon them that had brought him, said,—“My friends, I think you are sorry you have failed of your purpose; but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend; and if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends than mine enemies.” Then he embraced Lucilius, and delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.

Now, Brutus, having passed a little river environed on either side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain friends that followed him; and, looking up to the

firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses. Within a little while, naming his friends that had been slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before. He thought there were not many of his men slain; and, to know the truth of it, one called Statilius promised to go through the enemies, and, if all were well, to lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised. A good while after, Brutus, seeing that he came not, said,—“If Statilius be alive, he will come again.” But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into the enemies’ hands and was slain. Now, the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear. The other answered not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and said somewhat also to him. At last he came to Volumnius, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies’ sake which brought them acquainted, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, said,—“We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet.” Then, taking every man by the hand, he said,—“It rejoiceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me; and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country’s sake; for I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty.” Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then went a little aside with two or three only, among the which was Strato, who, at his request, held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and presently died.

Messala, that had been Brutus’ great friend, was reconciled afterwards to Octavius Cæsar; and shortly after he

brought Strato unto him, and, weeping, said,—“Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus.” Then Cæsar received him; and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him. Now, Antony, having found Brutus’ body, caused it to be wrapped up in one of the richest coat-armors he had; and afterwards he sent the ashes of his body unto his mother Servilia. It was said that Antony spake it openly divers times, that the thought that of all them that had slain Cæsar there was none but Brutus that was moved to do it, as thinking the act was commendable of itself; but that all the others did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they did bear unto him.

From the foregoing abstract it will be seen that in all the leading incidents of the play the Poet followed the narrator very closely and minutely; though in a number of cases he worked out those incidents with an amazing wealth of poetry and invention. Perhaps it should be remarked, further, that the time of the play is as follows: In February, the year B. C. 44, the festival called Lupercalia was held in honor of Cæsar, when the crown was offered him by Antony. On the following March 15 he was slain. In November of the next year the Triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, met on a small island near Bononia, and there made up their bloody proscription. In the year B. C. 42, the civil war was finished by the defeat of Brutus and Cassius near Philippi. So that the events of the drama cover a period of something over two years.

The title of this play is really a misnomer; for, as was remarked long ago by Gildon, and more recently by Schlegel, Brutus is the true hero of the piece, Cæsar being brought forward only just so much and in such a way as might serve to advance and set off that prince of the conspirators. And probably the design of the play required some such sacrifice of the greater to the less. For, had Cæsar been represented any thing like as he really was, the course of Brutus, however justifiable as it stood in his own

mind, could not have been made to draw in that current of sympathy which is due alike to his character as a man and to the place assigned him in the drama. Such, at all events, is the best excuse we can think of for the treatment here put upon Cæsar: for "the last infirmity of noble minds" is in truth the only point of his character that is fairly set forth in the play; all those colossal gifts and virtues, which placed him at the summit of heathen antiquity, being withheld from the scene, or at least thrown so far into the back-ground that their proper effect is all but lost. For he is represented as little better than a grand, strutting piece of puff-paste, and made to speak very much in the style of a glorious vaper and braggart, full of lofty airs and mock thunder; than which nothing could possibly be further from the truth of the man, whose character, even in its faults, was as compact and solid as adamant, and at the same time as ductile and limber as the finest gold. Certain critics have seized and worked upon this, as proving that Shakespeare must have been very green in classical study, or else very careless in the use of his authorities. To our mind, it proves neither the one nor the other; but only that he was somewhat deeper in nature than in Greek and Latin. We have no doubt it was all done in the full knowledge of what great Cæsar really was, "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times"; and because, upon the plan of making Brutus a dramatic hero, the laws of artistic propriety required it.

Coleridge has thrown out a very pertinent doubt as to what sort of a character Shakespeare meant his Brutus to be. For it is remarkable that in his thinking aloud, a little after the breaking of the conspiracy to him, he avowedly bottoms his purpose, not at all on any thing Cæsar has done nor on what he is, but simply on what he *may become* when crowned. He has "no personal cause to spurn at" Cæsar; nor has he "known when his affections sway'd more than his reason"; but "he would be crown'd: how that might change his nature, there's the question"; and,

“Since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus,—that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities.”

So then, according to this, the upshot of the whole seems to be, that Brutus enters into and heads a plot for assassinating the man who, besides being clothed with the awful sanctions of law as the highest representative of the state, has stood as his personal friend and benefactor, not on any ground of fact, but on a sort of theoretical probability, as he views it, that the wearing a crown will prove in some way a sacrament of evil, and cause him to be quite other than the whole course of his life has shown him to be.

And yet the character of Brutus in the play, as in history, is full of beauty and sweetness; high-minded, generous, brave; in all the relations of life upright, gentle, and pure, his honor as white as new-coined snow; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; scorning to bind his promise with an oath, as one who will sooner die than swerve a hair from his lightest word; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; in his habitual demeanor cheerfully grave and genially severe; clothed with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart; a real patriot, every inch of him, able alike to adorn his country in the Senate and in the field, and willing alike to serve her with his life and with his death.

Now, the practice, too common of late, of strangling the Poet's conceptions under a fine net-work of critical theories, in order to approve his depth of wisdom, is not much to our taste: nevertheless, it appears to us that in this play the leading idea was, to give these two sides, however seemingly incompatible, a dramatic reconciliation, and by so doing to show how they might be and in fact were practically reconciled in the Brutus of history. To do this, was indeed a high task for art, even in the hands

of such an artist as Shakespeare; yet he has done it. Herein, we think, lies the chief merit of the performance; and, regarded in this light, it can hardly be overpraised. The delineation of Brutus deserves a place near, if not among, his masterpieces.

Of course, as here represented, Brutus could only be what he was and yet do what he did under some kind of delusion. And so indeed it is. Yet this very delusion may be justly said to have the effect of ennobling and beautifying his character, forasmuch as it takes him and works upon him only through his virtues. A genuine though perhaps too absorbing patriotism is the mainspring of his action. But his patriotism is mainly of a speculative kind, and dwells, where his whole character has been chiefly formed, among the ideals of a sort of philosophical and poetical dreamland. He is an ardent and enthusiastic student of books: Plato has been his favorite teacher, and he has studiously framed his life and tuned his thoughts to the grand and pure conceptions won from that all but divine source: Plato's genius and spirit walk with him in the Senate, sit with him at the fire-side, go with him to the war, and still hover about his tent.

Nevertheless, or perhaps we should rather say *therefore*, he does not really see where he is and what lies about him, has no clear eye for the drift and temper of the times, the circumstances and aptitudes amidst which he lives. The characters of those who act with him are too far below the region of his principles and habitual thoughts for him to take the true cast of them. Himself incapable of such motives as prompt their action, he therefore cannot understand them: he but projects and suspends his ideals in them, and then misreckons upon them as answering to and realizing the men of his own brain. So, also, he clings to the idea of the great and free republic of his fathers, the old Rome that has ever stood to his feelings touched with the consecrations of time, and glorified by the high virtues that have grown up under her cherishing. But, in the long reign of tearing faction and

civil butchery, that which he worships has been substantially changed, the reality lost. Cæsar, already clothed with the title and the power of Imperator for life, would but change the form so as to agree with the substance, the name so as to fit the thing. But the mind of Brutus is so filled with the idea of that which has thus passed away never to return, that he thinks to save or to recover the whole thing by preventing such formal and nominal change.

And so his whole course is that of one acting rather on his own ideas than on the facts that are before and around him. He is content to do that by which he thinks his country *ought to be* benefited; giving the go-by, apparently, to the question whether his country is actually in a state to be benefited thereby. As the killing of Cæsar stands dressed in his purpose, he and his associates are to be "sacrificers, but not butchers": they are to "carve him as a dish fit for the gods." But, in order to any such effect as he hopes for, it is necessary that his countrymen generally should regard the act in the same light as he intends it. That they will actually so regard it, is the very thing which he has, *in fact*, no reason or right to conclude: notwithstanding, because it is so *in his idea*, therefore he trusts that, the deed "so appearing in the common eye," they will "be call'd purgers, not murderers." Meanwhile the plain truth is, that if his countrymen had been capable of regarding the deed as a sacrifice, they would not have made or permitted any occasion for the doing of it. It is certain that unless so construed the act must prove fruitful of evil: all Rome is full of things proving that it cannot be so construed; but this is what Brutus has not the practical discernment to see, because his wisdom and virtue, noble and beautiful as they are, were born of the ideal, not of the hard, stern realities about him. So, again, in the deeply characteristic oration, when he undertakes to "show the *reason* of our Cæsar's death": he speaks, in calm and dispassionate manner, just those things which, according to his idea, ought to set the people

right, and himself right in their eyes; practically forgetting, all the while, that such an act cannot but stir up passion, and that passion is a thing that cannot be met by reason, because the two hold no proportion to each other. And for the same cause he will give no place to the thought of despatching Antony, or of denying him a chance of speaking to the people. To do thus, would be unjust, and so would overthrow the whole nature of the enterprise as it lives in his mind and purpose. If he had conceived the fall of Cæsar as drawing on a necessity of such further acts, he would have had no hand in it. And, because in his idea it ought so to be, he trusts that Antony will make Cæsar's death the occasion of strengthening those who killed him; not perceiving or not heeding the strong likelihood, which so soon passes into a fact, that in cutting off Cæsar they have taken away the only check on Antony's ambition; and that Antony, so far from being drawn to their side when Cæsar is out of the way, will rather seek to work himself into Cæsar's place by ruining them.

And so, because Brutus acts without any right understanding of his whereabouts, therefore his action has no effect but to set on foot another civil war, which of course ends, as such wars have always ended, in aggravating the evil he sought to remove. He confides in the goodness of his cause, not seeing or not thinking, that the better the cause, the poorer its chance with bad men. Conscious of being honest himself, he therefore thinks others so; feels safe in putting trust in others, because he knows they can safely put trust in him: the singleness of his own eye makes him believe that others will see as he sees, the purity of his own heart, that others will feel as he feels. Thus he still works with instruments that bear no fitness or proportion to the matter; as if one, because a razor is the keenest of tools, should therefore go to hewing rocks with it.

The characters of Brutus and Cassius, though without any seeming effort or care, are discriminated with great

subtlety and depth of art; scarce a word falling from either but what relishes some how of their distinctive qualities. Cassius is much the better conspirator, but much the worse man; and therefore the better conspirator, because the worse man. For Brutus engages in the conspiracy on the grounds of abstract and ideal justice: but Cassius, from his very principles of action, regards it as both a wrong and a blunder to go about such a thing but with strong hopes of success. This, accordingly, is the end for which he plans and works, choosing and shaping his means with a view to compass it, minding little whether, in themselves, they be just or not. Withal he is more impulsive and quick, because less under the self-discipline of moral principle. His motives, too, are of a much more mixed and various quality, because his habits of thinking and acting have grown by the measures of experience: he studies to understand men as they are; Brutus is content to understand them as they ought to be, and must needs act with them as if they were what he would have them. Hence, in every case where Brutus crosses Cassius, he is wrong, and Cassius right; right, that is, if success be the proper crown of their undertaking. Still Brutus overawes him by his moral energy, and elevation of character, and by the open-faced rectitude and nobleness of his principles. It is observable that Cassius catches a sort of inspiration and is raised above himself by contact with Brutus.

It is a noteworthy point, also, that Cassius is too practical, too much of a politician, to see any ghosts. Though acting on far lower principles than his leader, and such as the latter would consider both wicked and base, still he does no violence to his own heart in screwing it up to the sticking-place appointed by his head: on the contrary, his heart is all along the prompter of his head. The mind of Brutus, on the other hand, from the very wrenching that his heart has suffered, still reverts to and dwells upon the moral complexion of his first step. It seems not unlikely that the Poet meant to give the impression that the killing of Cæsar planted in his upright and gentle nature a germ

of remorse, which, gathering strength from whatever adversities befall him, comes to embody itself in sounds and visions heard and seen by none but himself; the Spirit of Justice, made an ill angel to him by his own sense of wrong, hovering in the back-ground of his after life, and haunting his solitary moments in the shape of Cæsar's ghost.

The delineation of Portia, completed in a few brief but most expressive strokes, is indeed an exquisite piece of workmanship. Once seen, the portrait ever after stands as an old and honored acquaintance of the reader's heart. Like some women we have known, Portia has strength enough to do and to suffer for others, but very little for herself. As the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, she has set in her eye a pattern how she ought to think and act, being "so father'd and so husbanded"; but still her head floats merged over the ears in her heart; and it is only when affection speaks that her sensibilities are hushed into that listening which she would fain have wait upon the speech of reason. She has a clear idea of the stoical calmness and fortitude which appear so noble and so graceful in her Brutus; it all lies faithfully reproduced in her mind; she knows how to honor and admire it; yet she cannot work it into the texture of her character; she can talk it like a book, but she tries in vain to live it. Plutarch gives one most touchingly-characteristic passage respecting her, which the Poet did not use; though he transfused the sense of it into those which he did. It occurred some time after the death of Cæsar, and while the elements of civil war were gathering to a head: "Brutus, seeing the state of Rome would be utterly overthrown, determined to go out of Italy, and went unto the city of Elea, standing by the sea. There Portia, being ready to depart from her husband and return to Rome, did what she could to dissemble the grief and sorrow she felt. But a certain painted table bewrayed her in the end, although until that time she showed a constant and patient mind. The device of the table was taken out of the Greek stories, how

Andromache accompanied her husband Hector, when he went out of the city of Troy to go to the wars, and how Hector delivered her his little son, and how her eyes were never off him. Portia, seeing this picture, and likening herself to be in the same case, fell a-weeping; and, coming thither oftentimes in a day to see it, she wept still." Even so the self-inflicted wound she takes without flinching and bears without a murmur, to support and comfort her husband, and translates its pains into smiles so long as this purpose gives law to her action, because there her heart perfectly keeps touch with her head. But when this is withdrawn, the weakness (if indeed that be the right word) of her woman's nature rushes full upon her; her feelings rise into an uncontrollable flutter, and run out at every joint and motion of her body; she goes into a spasm of anxiety which nothing can arrest until affection again whispers her into the composure of reason, lest she should spill something that may hurt or endanger one whom she loves. O, noble Portia! Well may Campbell say,—“For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature and the dignity of conjugal faith are indebted.”

As a whole, this play is several degrees inferior to *Coriolanus*. Admirable as is the characterization regarded individually, still in respect of dramatic combination the play does not to our mind stand among the Poet's masterpieces. But it abounds in particular scenes and passages fraught with the highest virtue of his genius. Among these may be specially mentioned the second scene in Act I, where Cassius lays the egg of the conspiracy in Brutus' mind, warmed with such a wrappage of instigation that he feels certain it will soon be hatched. Also the first scene in Act II, unfolding the birth of the conspiracy which has hitherto slept in embryo, and winding up with the interview, so charged with domestic glory, of Brutus and Portia. The oration of Antony in Cæsar's funeral is indeed a wonderful performance; being such an interfusion of artifice and passion, of fact and feeling, as

realizes the very perfection of its kind. Adapted at once to the comprehension of the lowest mind and to the delectation of the highest, and running its pathos into the very quick of them that hear it, it tells with terrible effect on the people; and when it is done we feel that Cæsar's blood is mightier than ever his genius and his fortune were. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius is deservedly celebrated. Dr. Johnson thought it "somewhat cold and unaffecting." Coleridge thought otherwise: "I know," says he, "no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than this scene." We are content to err with Coleridge herein, if it be an error. But there is nothing in the play that seems to us more divinely touched than the brief dialogue of Brutus and his servant Lucius, near the close of Act IV. The gentle and loving nature of Brutus is here out in its noblest and sweetest transpiration.

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

CÆSAR

The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his "Commentaries"; it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words; and it has been asked whether this be the Cæsar that "did awe the world"? The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the worse shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole, we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this

in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife, as a prince, the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house, even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power, and he maintains everywhere the proud strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride and haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step, he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calpurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him and which causes his ruin, just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus. The actor must make his high-sounding language appear as the result of this discord of feeling. Sometimes they are only incidental words intended to characterize the hero in the shortest way. Generally they appear in the cases where Cæsar has to combat with his superstition, where he uses effort to take a higher stand in his words than at the moment he actually feels. He speaks so much of having no fear, that by this very thing he betrays his fear. Even in the places where his words sound most boastful, where he compares himself with the north star, there is more arrogance and ill-concealed pride at work than real boastfulness. It is intended there with a few words to show him at that point when his behavior could most excite those free spirits against him. It was fully intended that he should take but a small part in the action; we must not, therefore, say with Scot-towe that he was merely brought on the stage to be killed. The poet has handled this historical piece like his English historical plays. He had in his eye the whole context of the Roman civil wars for this single drama, not as yet

thinking of its continuation in *Antony and Cleopatra*. He casts a glance back upon the fall of Pompey, and makes it evident that Cæsar falls for the same reason as that for which he had made Pompey fall. In the triumph over him, men's minds rise up at first against Cæsar, the conspirators assemble in Pompey's porch, and Cæsar is slain in front of his statue. As his death arose out of the civil war, so civil war recommences at his death, and just as Antony predicts:—

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

In this symbolic sense Cæsar, after his death, has a share in the action of the play, which does not bear his name without a reason. That curse of Antony's, too, falls back upon himself in *Antony and Cleopatra*, because he had destroyed those who had spared him and offered him friendship, and even there the manes of Pompey interfere with continuous power, giving his history also the background of remoter histories, to which this drama is but an episode.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare-Commentaries*.

PORTIA

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity, held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman “so fathered and so husbanded.” The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her

own fortitude, is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

BRUTUS

Brutus is the political Girondin. He is placed in contrast with his brother-in-law Cassius, the political Jacobin. Brutus is an idealist; he lives among books; he nourishes himself with philosophies; he is secluded from the impression of facts. Moral ideas and principles are more to him than concrete realities; he is studious of self-perfection, jealous of the purity of his own character, unwilling that so clear a character should receive even the apparent stain of misconception or misrepresentation. He is, therefore, as such men are, too much given to explanation of his conduct. Had he lived he would have written an Apology for his life, educing evidence, with a calm superiority, to prove that each act of his life proceeded from an honorable motive. Cassius, on the contrary, is by no means studious of moral perfection. He is frankly envious, and hates Cæsar. Yet he is not ignoble. Brutus loves him, and the love of Brutus is a patent which establishes a man's nobility:

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.

And Cassius has one who will die for him. Titinius crowns the dead brow of the conspirator:

Brutus come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods—this is a Roman's part:
Come Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

Cassius has a swift and clear perception of the fact. He is not, like Brutus, a theorist, but "a great observer," who "looks quite through the deeds of men." Brutus lives in the abstraction, in the idea; Cassius lives in the concrete, in the fact.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art*.

Plutarch's character-drawing, like his narrative, suffers from his twofold rôle of historian and moralist. His Brutus is a compromise between the humane idealist whom he wished to portray and the grasping *doctrinaire* whom he was too honest wholly to efface. His lofty Stoic condescends to a vulgar rivalry with Cassius for the election to the prætor's chair; nay, at Pharsalia, the general whose humanity amazed friend and foe promises his soldiers "the sack of two cities if they fought like men,"—an embarrassing inconsistency for which his biographer rather awkwardly apologizes as the "only fault to be found in all Brutus' life, and that is not to be gainsaid." The faults of Shakespeare's Brutus are exposed with a far surer hand; he is nevertheless a loftier character: no soil of meanness, cruelty, or vulgar rivalry complicates the tragedy of his fate. The personal relation to Cæsar which he violates "for the general" (good) is a more intimate one. Rome calls him "Cæsar's angel." In Plutarch, Cæsar "did not trust him overmuch," and included him with Cassius in his dislike of "lean and whitely-faced" men. Brutus on his part was "incensed" by Cassius against the tyrant. The monologue which Shakespeare puts in his mouth is a marvel of fanatical self-deception. It is not any actual "tyranny" that moves him, for he owns that "the quarrel will bear no color for the thing" Cæsar "is"; it is not even the abstract name of king which moves him, but a "change of nature" which that might induce. "Then lest it may, prevent." Brutus, like Hamlet, is set in action by the bidding of a ghost; but his ghost is not the discloser of a crying wrong which he groans to be summoned to set right, but a true phantom which drives him headlong to the redress of wrongs which even his biased reason can only discover in a hypothetical futurity.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare*.

CASSIUS

Next we notice that another character in the play must suffer from Shakespeare's purpose of lending luster to the deed of Brutus, for Cassius, like Cæsar, is painted at the outset with colors that are unduly dark: we can have little respect for the man who deliberately seduces the honorable mettle of his friend, and still less when Brutus is that friend. Cassius, therefore, like Cæsar, will gain in dignity and glory when the play has run its half course: his petty jealousies, moreover, merge themselves in patriotism: and we are not altogether surprised that the honor reserved for him in death—"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well," should so nearly resemble the tribute paid by Antony to Brutus and Cæsar.

Apart from all this, Cassius is a foil to Brutus—a man of the world, and practical, as opposed to a man of the highest moral purity, and a dreamer. Antony is another man of the world, and another foil to Brutus: but he differs from Cassius in being fond of pleasure, and he is an adventurer rather than a politician. Both men, however, owe allegiance to a stronger and a grander nature than their own, Cassius to Brutus, Antony to Cæsar: and herein lies their chief virtue and their chief dramatic interest. But as in *Hamlet*, so also in *Julius Cæsar*, the poet takes refuge for one erring moment in that old treacherous doctrine: "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works*.

It is Cassius who hatches the plot against Cæsar. Physically and mentally he is suited to the part of a ringleader. He is a spare man, with a lean and hungry look. He seldom smiles, loves no plays, and hears no music, being thus fit (as Shakspere had declared in *The Merchant of Venice*) for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." On the other hand he reads much, and is a great observer, who looks quite

through the deeds of men. Cæsar's instinct is not at fault when he labels him "dangerous" on the ground that

"Such men as he be never at heart's ease
When they behold a greater than themselves."

His attitude towards the dictator thus springs in part from personal jealousy and mortification at being outstripped by a rival in the political race. But this is mingled with a sincere republican passion, which gives dignity to a character lacking in moral elevation. The distinction between Brutus and Cassius is thus not simply that between the idealist and the man of affairs. Cassius is an idealist in his own way. The principle of the equality of all men is as dear to him as abstract right is to his kinsman. Liberty, as he declares over and over again, is more to him than life:

"I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar."

Or, as he cries later in words of melancholy grandeur:

"Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself."

Cassius' doctrine of liberty rests upon the simple axiom that every man, by the mere fact of his existence, is equal to every other. This finds its extreme expression in his singular piece of reasoning that Brutus and Cæsar must be on all points on a par because there is nothing to choose between their names as examples of the proper noun.

"Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

“Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with ’em,
 ‘Brutus’ will start a spirit as soon as ‘Cæsar.’”

Such an argument is an unconscious *reductio ad absurdum* of Cassius’ own theory, and it is needless to say that, from a historical point of view, this decidedly primitive conception of democracy is curiously inapt on the lips of a Roman of the first century B. C. With Cassius’ passionate conviction of the divine right of republicanism, he sees in Cæsar’s ascendancy nothing but a proof of the degeneracy of the times.

“Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?”

Cæsar has become a wolf, because the Romans are sheep; a lion, because they are hinds. Let the brood of Romulus recover its ancient spirit, and all will yet be well.

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

He, at least, is determined not to be one of the petty men walking under the legs of the Colossus, and he starts the conspiracy for his overthrow. He is ready, if need be, to die in the cause of liberty, but he will first try what killing can do on its behalf.—BOAS, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

CASCA

Casca is the type of the aristocratic republican. No one could despise the mob more thoroughly than he. But his cynical contempt is not confined to the people. It is his pride to hate “humbug” of all kinds, whether it is in Cæsar or in the mob. Such a man is a mere tool in the hands of Cassius, while his genuine bravery and complete freedom from sentimentalism make him exactly the man for a conspirator.—RANSOME, *Short Studies of Shakespeare’s Plots*.

THE MARKS OF A MASTERHAND

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, "How 'scaped I killing when I crost you so?" gives double force to all that has gone before. The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavors to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, is conceived in the most heroical spirit, and the burst of tenderness in Brutus—

"You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart"—

is justified by her whole behavior. Portia's breathless impatience to learn the event of the conspiracy, in the dialogue with Lucius, is full of passion. The interest which Portia takes in Brutus and that which Calpurnia takes in the fate of Cæsar are discriminated with the nicest precision. Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and artifice in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good. The entrance of the conspirators to the house of Brutus at midnight is rendered very impressive.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*.

THE ORATION OF BRUTUS

Hazlitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play:—"Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good." In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe,

and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

“I am no orator as Brutus is.”

Brutus was *not* an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory: when he addresses the conspirators—“No, not an oath”; and after the assassination—“Stoop, Romans, stoop.” He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:—

“I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.”

And he does show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, “This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity than his times were like Brutus’.” To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins,—“I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech, for so great a man, on so great an occasion.” The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counterbalance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote ‘A fragment on Shakspeare,’ in a style sufficiently hyperbolical, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that “the barbarian,” Shakspeare, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony's speech he thus expresses his opinion:—“Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better.” There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equal

to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony; and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

“In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,”

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

“Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.”

He is already preparing in mind for “the pulpit.” He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the “reason of our Cæsar’s death.” He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar’s murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspeare knew, and he painted Antony.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

ANTONY’S ORATION

The oration of Antony is in the first place remarkable for the calculated difference of style which it displays. Here we have no antitheses, no literary eloquence; but a vernacular eloquence of the most powerful demagogic type. Antony takes up the threat just where Brutus has dropped it, expressly assures his hearers at the outset that this is to be a speech over Cæsar’s bier, but not to his glory, and emphasizes to the point of monotony the fact that Brutus and the other conspirators are all, all honorable men. Then the eloquence gradually works up, subtle and potent

in its adroit crescendo, and yet in truth exalted by something which is not subtlety: glowing enthusiasm for Cæsar, scathing indignation against his assassins. The contempt and anger are at first masked, out of consideration for the mood of the populace, which has for the moment been won over by Brutus; then the mask is raised a little, then a little more and a little more, until, with a wild gesture, it is torn off and thrown aside.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare*.

THE UNITY OF INTEREST

What has been most censured in *Julius Cæsar* is that the piece suffers from a very undramatic form of composition inasmuch as it obviously falls into two halves, of which the one represents the death of Cæsar, the other the history of Brutus and Cassius. And certainly the external composition is defective, in so far as in the first half the action turns upon the fall of Cæsar and in the second upon the fate of Brutus and Cassius, and our interest, therefore, is divided, being at first fixed upon Cæsar, afterwards upon Brutus and Cassius. Yet both halves are nevertheless externally connected in so far as the subject of the action in the first part is not so much Cæsar's death, as, in reality, the conspiracy against his supreme power and the attempt to restore the Republic; in the second, we have the course and unhappy termination of this undertaking.

The unity of interest in a free dramatic poem, however, does not necessarily require to be a purely personal one; in this case the interest—just because it is dramatic—is first of all connected with the action, springs forth out of it, and rises and falls with it. And even though the free dramatic poem is the more perfect in form and composition, the more it manages to concentrate the interest of the action in the one person of the hero, still the historical drama is not bound by exactly the same laws as the freely invented composition. In the *historical* drama, the interest—if it is to be *historical*—must above all things

be truly historical, then it will be truly poetic as well. History, however, in a certain sense does not trouble itself about persons; its chief interest is in historical facts and their meaning. Now in *Julius Cæsar* we have absolutely only one point of interest, a true, but variously-jointed unity. One and the same thought is reflected in the fall of Cæsar, in the deaths of Brutus and Cassius, and in the victory of Antony and Octavius. No man, even though he were as mighty as Cæsar and as noble as Brutus, is sufficiently great to guide history according to his own will; every one, according to his vocation, may contribute his stone to the building of the grand whole, but let no one presume to think that he can, with impunity, experiment with it. The great Cæsar, however, merely experimented when he allowed the royal crown to be offered to him, and then rejected it thrice against his own will. He could not curb his ambition—this history might perhaps have pardoned—but he did not understand her, and attempted that which she, at the time at least, did not yet wish. The consequence of this error which was entirely his own, the consequence of this arrogant presumption which the still active republican spirit, the old Roman love and pride of freedom, stirred up against him, proved his downfall. But Brutus and Cassius erred also, by imagining that Rome could be kept in its glory and preserved from its threatening ruin simply by the restoration of the republic; as if the happiness, the power and the greatness of a state depended upon its form, and as if a single man could repair a nation's demoralization by a mere word of command. And as Cæsar had thought life unendurable without the outward dignity of the royal throne, so they imagined life not worth having without the honor of outward freedom, for they confounded outward with inward moral freedom, or, at all events, omitted to consider that the former can exist only as the result and expression of the latter. They too, experimented with history; Cassius trusted that his ambitious and selfish will, and Brutus, that his noble and self-sacrificing will, would be strong enough

to direct the course of history. For both felt that the moral spirit of the Roman nation had sunk too deep to be able in future to govern itself as a Republic; Cassius knew, Brutus suspected, that the time of the Republic was coming to an end. But in their republican pride, and feeling their republican honor hurt, they thought themselves called upon to make an attempt to save it, they trusted to their power to be able, as it were, to take it upon their shoulders and so keep its head above water. This was the arrogance which was added to the error, and which spurred them on not only to unreasonable undertakings but to commit a criminal act; and, therefore, they doubly deserved the punishment which befell them. Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus—the talented voluptuary, the clever actor and the good-natured simpleton—although not half so powerful and noble as their opponents, come off victorious, because, in fact, they but followed the course of history and knew how to make use of it. Thus in all the principal parts we have the same leading thought, the same unity in the (historical) interest, except that it is reflected in various ways. But it also shines forth in the secondary parts, in Portia's death, as well as in the fall of Cato, Cicero and the other conspirators; Portia and Cato perish with the noble but erring Brutus, who desires only what is good, the others with the selfish Cassius, who thinks only of himself. All perish because they do not understand, but endeavored arbitrarily to make history, or, as arbitrarily, went round the problem which had to be solved in its own time and "spoke Greek." Thus history appears represented from one of its main aspects, in its inner autocratic, active and formative power, by which, although externally formed by individual men, it nevertheless controls and marches over the heads of the greatest of them.—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*.

SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY

Shakespeare was an idealistic artist, but he lived in the center of the actual. The tragedy of moral struggle, or of heroic failure, or of love are rare things comparatively, but the tragedy of weakness is everywhere. The tragedy of mere weakness, however, is apt to be sordid. It is never so with Shakespearean tragedy. Shakespeare's tragic heroes, though they are none of them heroic, are all finely or even splendidly endowed. Every one of them has great qualities, and most of them are men of great intellect. Coriolanus, Antony, Hamlet, even Lear, are all men of commanding intellect; men whose intellect is beyond that of the common man of genius. If Shakespeare had died in the year 1600, we should know him as a great poet, a great humorist, a great artist, hardly to be matched in the realization of character, and the greatest of all dramatists. We should not know him as he revealed himself in the following years, as the greatest of all poets who have dealt with human life, as the poet of universal humanity, supreme, solitary, omnipotent.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare*.

TYRANNICIDE

The justifiableness of Tyrannicide is a question which is capable of being so stated as to match any difficulty that casuistry can indulge in. The right and duty of insurrection against clear tyranny and usurpation none but slaves deny, and cases may be easily combined in which the assassination of the tyrant appears the only form of insurrection available, and also most promising of success; the tyrant, it may be urged, is self-outlawed,—he stands at open warfare with all the rights of humanity,—innocent lives are dropping daily while he walks in impunity, and what in such a case, it may be said, is covert conspiracy and sudden onset, but the laudable and prudential subtlety that is not simply excusable but incumbent in warfare.

To this, experience and history supply a rejoinder more decisive, and probably more influential than theory, or may guide to a theory afterwards. No instance can be adduced of justice in this wild irregular form having ever been effective; I do not believe that any tyrannous life has thus been forfeited that the tyrannical element did not survive: tyranny springs native from the corruption of states, and no accidental effort will eradicate the germ,—nothing less than such a summoning up of the vital spirit as reestablishes healthy action throughout the organism, and throws off the infection by general reaction; or at least such a partial recovery as gains a preponderating force for the happier force of political energy. Little did it profit the Roman aristocracy to exchange the glorious clemency of Julius, for the precocious astuteness and cold heartedness of his adopted son, who reverted to clemency at last in policy and not from sensibility, and then not until he had taken security and more than security, by unsparing and deliberate extirpation of all but the very off-shoots of the entire order. Even war itself, the bitterest and most desperate, has some restraints imposed as much by experience as by theory or sentiment, and the poisoning of wells, poisoning of weapons, and subornation of assassins, are given up by tacit convention, not merely as barbarisms, but as blunders.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR,
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar*
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

CICERO,
 PUBLIUS, } *senators*
 POPILIUS LENA,

MARCUS BRUTUS,
 CASSIUS,
 CASCA,
 TREBONIUS,
 LIGARIUS,
 DECIUS BRUTUS,
 METELLUS CIMBER,
 CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes*

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric*

A Soothsayer

CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet

LUCILIUS,
 TITINIUS,
 MESSALA,
 Young CATO,
 VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius*

VARRO,
 CLITUS,
 CLAUDIUS,
 STRATO,
 LUCTUS, } *servants to Brutus*

DARDANIUS,

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

Cæsar returns victorious from his foreign wars and is escorted in triumph to the Capitol. On his way thither he is warned by a soothsayer to "Beware the ides of March." Antony offers him a crown three times and as many times does Cæsar refuse it. But while his friends are thus honoring him, his enemies are plotting against his life. Their leader is Cassius and they succeed in persuading Brutus, a truly noble Roman, to join them on the belief that Cæsar is a menace to his country's welfare.

ACT II

Remembering the warning of the soothsayer and unnerved by the dreams of his wife on the preceding night, Cæsar is inclined to stay at home on the ides of March. The conspirators were expecting this hesitancy and had planned to go in a body to his house and to urge him to go to the senate-house. Cæsar yields to their entreaties and goes with them.

ACT III

In the senate-house, one of their members presents a petition to Cæsar and the others press near. On his refusal to grant the request, the conspirators stab him one after another, beginning with Casca and ending with Brutus. Murmuring "Et tu, Brute? Then fall Cæsar," the great general dies. Antony flees at first but afterward he returns, pretending to approve of the assassination and

asking permission to address the people at the funeral. To this Brutus consents, only reserving for himself the right to speak first and exacting from Antony a promise to make no charges against them. These conditions are satisfactory to Antony. Brutus addresses the assembled citizens and his speech explaining why the conspirators had deemed Cæsar worthy of death wins great applause. Antony follows him in a speech lauding Cæsar, and although calling Brutus, Cassius, and the others "honorable men," he uses the expression in such a way that to the people it soon becomes synonymous with "traitors." The commons turn against Brutus and his friend and they are driven to flee the city.

ACT IV

Antony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus form a triumvirate and gather together an army. Brutus and Cassius collect another army and the two parties encamp near the plains of Philippi. One night while Brutus was sitting in his tent trying to read and with his attendants sleeping around him he has a supernatural visitor—the ghost of Cæsar—who says to him, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

ACT V

At the battle of Philippi the triumvirs are successful. Cassius forces his slave Pindarus to redeem a promise made to him long before by slaying him. Later Brutus causes his servant Strato to hold out his sword and he runs upon it and is killed.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you? 9

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,

I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

3. "you ought not walk," etc.; a regulation borrowed from English trade-guilds.—C. H. H.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use
with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir,
a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out
with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend
you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, 20
thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with
the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's mat-
ters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I
am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when
they are in great danger, I re-cover them.
As proper men as ever trod upon neats-
leather have gone upon my handiwork. 30

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the
streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to
get myself into more work. But indeed, sir,
we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice
in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

26. "with awl. I"; Ff., "withal I"; the correction was made by Farmer.—I. G.

38–61. Campbell makes a brief criticism on this passage, so just and so genial, that it ought always to go with the play: "It is evi-

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than sense-
less things! 41

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout, 50
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way

dent from the opening scene, that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler, the eloquence of Marullus 'springs upwards like a pyramid of fire.' It can be no exaggeration to say that these lines in the speech of Marullus are among the most magnificent in the English language. They roll over my mind's ear like the lordliest notes of a cathedral organ; and yet they succeed immediately to the ludicrous idea of a cobbler leading a parcel of fools about the streets, in order to make them when they wear out their shoes, and get himself into more work."—H. N. H.

41. "*senseless*"; inanimate.—C. H. H.

51. "*her*"; the Tiber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says: "The river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams." But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.—H. N. H.

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague 60
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images, 70
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's
wing

71. "*ceremonies*"; Plutarch says "diadems." In Plutarch's narrative, however, the offer of the "diadem" to Cæsar, which Shakespeare places in the following scene, has already occurred. With him, the crowning of the images was a second attempt to sound the popular disposition after the collapse of the first: Shakespeare treats it as preliminary to this.—C. H. H.

75. "*trophies*"; a passage in the next scene shows what these *trophies* were. Casca there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.—H. N. H.

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men 80
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd. 10

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*]
Sooth. Cæsar!

4. "run his course"; the course of the Luperci, or priests of Lupercus, the god of fertility, at the Lupercalia, through the streets of the city.—C. H. H.

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face. 20

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

19. The line is evidently to be read thus:—

"*A soothsay'r bids you 'ware the ides of March.*"—I. G.

Coleridge has a remark on this line, which, whether true to the subject or not, is very characteristic of the writer: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterising Brutus even in his first casual speech."—Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* furnished the basis of the passage, thus: "There was a certaine Soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March, which is the fifteenth of the month, for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate house, and speaking merrily unto the Soothsayer, told him the Ides of March be come. So they he, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past."—H. N. H.

Act I. Sc. ii.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Cas. 'Tis just:

11

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus, 60
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Aye, do you fear it? 80

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
 As well as I do know your outward favor.
 Well, honor is the subject of my story.
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life, but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
 Accoutered as I was, I plunged in
 And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

88-89. Coleridge makes the following comment on this somewhat obscure passage: "Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things, the public good, the individual Brutus' honor, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other, that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay,—the thought growing,—that honor had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton, is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus."—H. N. H.

And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110
 Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'

I, as Ænèas our great ancestor
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
 Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their color fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
 world

Did lose his luster: I did hear him groan:
 Aye, and that tongue of his that bade the
 Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'

As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world 130
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are

112. "*Æneas*"; regarded in Roman legend as the progenitor of the Roman people. He was said to have borne his father Anchises on his shoulders from the flames of Troy (Vergil, *Æn.* ii.).—C. H. H.

122. This is oddly expressed; but a quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colors, was intended.—H. N. H.

For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that
Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
shamed! 150

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say till now that talk'd of
Rome

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say

155. "walls"; Rowe's emendation of Ff., "walkes."—I. G.

There was a Brutus once that would have
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time 169
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

159. "*a Brutus once*"; Lucius Junius Brutus, who caused the expulsion of the last kings of Rome.—C. H. H.

163. "*aim*"; that is, guess. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err."—H. N. H.

174. "*As*," according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that*, *which*, or *it*: accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our version of the *Bible*. Thus Lord Bacon also in his *Apophthegmes*: "One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?"—H. N. H.

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train:
 Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius! 190

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid 200
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no
 plays,

192-195. So in North's *Plutarch, Life of Julius Cæsar*: "Cæsar had Cassius in jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What wil Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them,—'As for those fat men, and smooth combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most'; meaning Brutus and Cassius."—H. N. H.

193. "*Sleek-headed*"; an excellent variant for North's matter-of-fact "smooth-combed."—C. H. H.

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all
his train but Casca.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you
speak with me?

Bru. Aye, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had
chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: 220
and being offered him, he put it by with the
back of his hand, thus: and then the people
fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry
for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

226. "*They shouted thrice*"; in *Plutarch* the offer was made twice.
—C. H. H.

Casca. Aye, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at 230 every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he 240 put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by

229-232. Plutarch's best account of this incident is given in the *Life of Antonius*: "The Romaines celebrated the feast called Lupercalia, and Cæsar, being apparalled in his triumphing robe, was set in the tribune where they use to make orations to the people, and from thence did behold the sport of the runners. Antonius, being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the old customs of that solemnity, ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and caried a laurell crowne in his hand, having a royall band or diademe wreathed about it, which was the ancient marke and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow-runners lift him up, and so he put the laurell crowne upon his head, signifying thereby that he deserved to be king. But Cæsar, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they al clapped their hands for joy. Antonius againe did put it on his head; Cæsar againe refused it: and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurell crowne unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft also as Cæsar refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. And this was a wonderfull thing, that they suffered al things subjects should do by commandment of their kings; and yet they could not abide the name of a king, detesting it as the utter destruction of their liberty."—H. N. H.

again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath ²⁵⁰ because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness. ²⁶⁰

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he ²⁷⁰

260. "'Tis very like: he hath"; Theobald's emendation; Ff., "'Tis very like he hath."—I. G.

270.-285. The Poet here borrows an incident that is related by Plutarch as having taken place on another occasion some time before the offering Cæsar the crown in public: "When they had decreed divers honors for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors,

perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four ²⁸⁰ wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Aye.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Aye, he spoke Greek.

accompanied with the whole Senate, went unto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majestie, disdaining to rise up unto them, when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honors had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate but the people also, to see that he should so lightly esteeme of the magistrates; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home, and, tearing open his dublet collar, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throate was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evill, when standing on their feete they speake to the people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse."—H. N. H.

Cas. To what effect?

290

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca? 300

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Aye, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

310

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

296-297. "*Marullus . . . silence*"; this is related in *Plutarch* thus: "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diademes upon their heads, like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled downe; and furthermore, meeting with them that saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and brought the kingdome of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and spake also against the people, and called them Bruti and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fooles."—H. N. H.

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, 320
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,

327. "*He should not humor me*"; i. e. "he (Brutus) should not influence me, as I have been influencing him"; others take "he" to refer to Cæsar, and Johnson explains the passage as follows:—"Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his (Cæsar's love) should not humor me, so as to make me forget my principles."—I. G.

To *humor* a man, as the term is here used, is to turn and wind and work him, by playing on his passions. There is some obscurity in the passage, it being not quite clear whether the last *he* refers to Cassius or to Cæsar. Warburton explains it thus: "If I were Brutus, and Brutus were Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him." Johnson's explanation runs thus: "Cæsar loves Brutus; but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not take hold of my affections, so as to make me forget my principles." It is not easy to say which of these is the better. The former is favored by what Cassius has just been saying about Brutus' being seduced from the honorable disposition of his nature. On the other hand, the latter best agrees with what the Poet read in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "Brutus in many things tasted of the benefite of Cæsars favour in any thing he requested. For, if he had listed, he might have been one of Cæsars chieftest friends, and of greatest authoritie and credite about him.—H. N. H.

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion 330
 That Rome holds of his name, wherein ob-
 scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
 And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III

A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of
 earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
 Or else the world too saucy with the gods
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you a thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20

Who glazed upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they
saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say

'These are their reasons: they are natural:' 30

For, I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

15–28. Plutarch, in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, gives the following account of these wonders: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and downe in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seene at noon daies sitting in the great market place, are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seene going up and downe in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand; insomuch as they that saw it thought he had beene burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt."—H. N. H.

30. "*These are their reasons*"; Jervis conj. "*These have their seasons*"; Collier MS., "*These are the seasons*."—I. G.

But men may construe things after their
fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things them-
selves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.* 40]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, ⁶⁰
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordi-
nance,

Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these
spirits

To make them instruments of fear and warn-
ing 70

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,

A man no mightier than thyself or me

In personal action, yet prodigious grown

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

64. That is, why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature.—H. N. H.

65. "*Why old men fool and*"; Mitford conj.; Ff., "*Why old men, Fools, and*"; Blackstone conj. "*Why old men fools, and.*"—I. G.

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are
dead,

And we are govern'd with our mother's spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I: 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate 110
 So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
 Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman; then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120
 Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
 To undergo with me an enterprise
 Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets,
 And the complexion of the element
 In favor's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter Cinna.

114. "*My answer must be made*"; I shall be called to account.—C. H. H.

121. "*moved*"; proposed to.—C. H. H.

126. "*Pompey's porch*"; "This porch was the actual scene of the assassination, which Shakespeare places on the Capitol; and the 'image' is that which he nevertheless makes Cæsar's body stain with blood (iii. 2. 196)." (North.)—C. H. H.

129. "*In favor's like*"; Johnson reads "*In favour's, like*"; Ff. 1, 2, "*Is Favours, like*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*Is Favours, like*"; Rowe, "*Is feav'rous, like*"; Capell, "*Is favour'd like*," &c., &c.—I. G.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find
us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me. 151

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theater.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

144. "*Where Brutus may but find it*"; where Brutus alone may find it.—C. H. H.

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Rome. Brutus' orchard.

Enter Brutus

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what,
Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part, ¹⁰
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question:

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

"Brutus' orchard"; orchard and garden appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In Romeo and Juliet Capulet's garden is twice called orchard. The word was anciently written hort-yard.—H. N. H.

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common
proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grew mis-
chievous,

And kill him in the shell.

30-34. The subtle casuistry of Brutus in finding out reasons for his foregone conclusion of patriotism, is thus commented on by Colledge: "This speech is singular;—at least, I do not at present see to Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For, surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint I found
 This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter and reads.*]

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.'

Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause, none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True; and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?—H. N. H.

40. "*the ides of March*"; Theobald's correction of Ff., "*the first of March*."—I. G.

It is possible that Shakespeare may casually have written "first," the first of March having been originally fixed for the Senate meeting. He read in *Plutarch* that "Cassius asked (Brutus) if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the 1st day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king." But it is clear from i. 2. 19, that Brutus is meant here to be struck with the fulfillment of the soothsayer's prophecy.—C. H. H.

46-58. This passage is based upon the following from *Plutarch's Life of Brutus*: "But, for Brutus, his friends and countermen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor, Junius Brutus, that drave the kings out

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up. 50

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?

What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. 59

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:

The Genius and the mortal instruments

Of Rome, they wrote,—'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert
now alive, Brutus!' and againe,—'That thou wert here among us
now!' His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the
time he was Prætor, was full of such bils,—'Brutus, thou art asleep,
and art not Brutus indeed!'—H. N. H.

59. "*fifteen*"; so Ff. Warburton (followed by many modern edd.)
wrongly altered to "*fourteen*." It is, in fact, the dawn of the fif-
teenth, which Lucius may be supposed to include.—C. H. H.

Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir: their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

67. "*state of man*"; the original reads, "the state of a man"; which is retained by Knight, Collier and Verplanck, while all other modern editions leave out the *a*. Mr. Dyce says,—“For my own part, I am convinced that *a* is the barbarous and impertinent addition of a transcriber or printer.” It were indeed strange that the Poet should have thrust in an *a* here, to no end, apparently, but to spoil the meter.—H. N. H.

70. Cassius had married Junia, the *sister* of Brutus; hence the former is here spoken of as the latter's *brother*.—H. N. H.

83. "*For if thou path, thy native semblance on*"; so F. 2; Ff. 1, 3, 4, "*For if thou path thy . . .*"; Pope, "*For if thou march, thy*

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here ⁹⁰
But honors you; and everyone doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.* ¹⁰⁰

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both de-
ceived.

. . ."; Singer conj. "*For if thou put'st thy.....*," &c.; but there
no need to improve on the reading of F. 2.—I. G.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire, and the high east 110
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, country-
men,

What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?

114. "*the face of men*"; Johnson thus explains this passage; in which, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakespeare has constructed the latter part without regard to the beginning: "*The face of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the public; in other terms, *honor* and *reputation*: or the *face* of men may mean the dejected look of the people."—H. N. H.

119. "*by lottery*"; Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, that is, the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment.—H. N. H.

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,

For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,

Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar? But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:

It may be these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night

And the persuasion of his augurers, 200

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils and men with flatterers:

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

188. "*And that were much he should*"; and that for him were much.—C. H. H.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
 Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him. 220

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you,
 Brutus:

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all re-
 member

What you have said and show yourselves true
 Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
 Let not our looks put on our purposes;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untired spirits and formal constancy:
 And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you
 now?

218. "*go along by him*"; that is, by his house; make that your way home.—H. N. H.

234. The matter of this noble dialogue is thus delivered in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "His wife Porcia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married, being his cousin; not a maiden, but a

It is not for your health thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper

You suddenly arose and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks:

I urged you further; then you scratch'd your
head,

young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus. This ladie, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise; because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she had made some prooffe by herselfe; took a little razour, and, causing her women to go out of her chamber, gave herselfe a great gash withall in her thigh; and incontinently after a vehement feaver tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then, perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and could take no rest, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I, being, O Brutus! the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion at board onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill fortune. Now, for thyselfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischance or griefe with thee? I confesse that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet good education and the company of vertuous men have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And, for myselfe, I have this benefite, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. Notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things, until now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoever can overcome me.' With these words, shee shewed him the wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herselfe. Brutus was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him; and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddes to give him the grace that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

—H. N. H.

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets 281
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius,
who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with
you. 310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me 10

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; 21
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

19. "*fight*"; so Ff.; Dyce, "*fought*"; Keightley, "*did fight*."—I. G.

24. "*squeal*"; in Shakespeare's time still a dignified word.—C. H. H.

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes. 31

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

31. This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honor of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods: his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented.—H. N. H.

32–33. So in *Plutarch*: “When some of his friends did counsell him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him; he would never consent, but said it was better to die once, than alwayes to be afraid of death.”—H. N. H.

41–48. Steevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his *Supplement to Lucan*:

“Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit. et vanus semper dominabitur augur.”—H. N. H.

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
 We are two lions litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible:
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50
 That keeps you in the house and not your own.
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
 And he shall say you are not well to-day:
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
 And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 60
 To bear my greeting to the senators
 And tell them that I will not come to-day:
 Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
 I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?

46. "are"; Upton conj.; Ff. 1, 2, "heare"; Ff. 3, 4, "hear";
 Rowe, "heard"; Theobald, "were."—I. G.

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and por-
tents 80

And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

76. "*statuë*"; in Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and spells it *statua*, as in his *Advancement of Learning*, 1633: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." The measure evidently requires that it be a word of three syllables here, as also in Act iii. sc. 2,

"And at the base of Pompey's *statue*."—H. N. H.

89. "*tinctures*"; at the execution of several of our ancient nobility,

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a
mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
purnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebonius, and Cinna.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

martyrs, &c., we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with
their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of
the deceased.—H. N. H.

104. That is, propriety of speech stands second, gives way to my
love.—H. N. H.

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, An-
tony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you; 121

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I
be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with
me;

And we like friends will straightway go to-
gether.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

10

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

16, 17. The Poet here follows Plutarch very closely: "One Artemidorus, born in the ile of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of al their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a litle bill, written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said,—'Cæsar, reade this me-

SCENE IV

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

moriall to yourselfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' Cæsar took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but, holding it still in his hand keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate-house."—
H. N. H.

Por. Prithee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is nar-
row:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in. Aye me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

42. "*Brutus hath a suit*"; these words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.—H. N. H.

43-46. "*O, I grow faint,*" etc.; in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* the incident of this scene is related as follows: "In the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post hast unto him, and told him his wife was dying. For Porcia, being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward griefe of mind, could hardly keepe within, but was frightened with every little noyse and crie she heard; asking every man that came from the market place what Brutus did, and sending messenger after messenger, to know what news. At length, Cæsars comming being prolonged, Porciaes weakness was not able to hold out any longer; and thereupon shee sodainly swounded, that she had no leysure to go to her chamber, but was taken in the midst of her house. Howbeit, she soone came to herselfe againe, and so was layd in her bed, and attended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it grieved him; yet he left not off the care of his countrie, neither went to his house for any newes he heard."—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Aye, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

1. In *Plutarch* these words form a private colloquy between Cæsar and the soothsayer: Cæsar addresses him "merrily," and he "softly" answers. Shakespeare's Cæsar does not unbend so far.—C. H. H.

8. "*ourselves*"; Shakespeare gives Cæsar the plural of modern royalty, unknown even to the emperors of Rome.—C. H. H.

Mr. Collier's second folio offers a shrewd change in this line, thus: "*That touches us? Ourselves shall be last serv'd.*" Nevertheless, we are not prepared to adopt it; the text making good enough sense as it stands.—H. N. H.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, 21
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss 31

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet
words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawn-
ing.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

36. Mr. Collier's second folio changes "*couchings*" into *crouchings*, and "*low-crooked*," some lines below, into *low-crouched*. This seems an inadmissible modernizing of the Poet's language.—H. N. H.

39. "*law of children*"; Johnson's emendation of Ff., "*lane of children*"; Steevens conj. "*line of c.*"; Mason conj. "*play of c.*" Mr. Fleay approves of the Folio reading, and explains "*lane*" in the sense of "*narrow conceits*"; he compares the following lines from Johnson's *Staple of News*:—

"*A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell
All in a lane.*"—I. G.

47, 48. "*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied*"; there is an interesting piece of literary history connected with these lines. In Ben Jonson's *Sylva* or *Discoveries* occurs the famous criticism on Shakespeare, where Jonson, after speaking

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move
me:

But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;

of his love for Shakespeare "on this side of idolatry," expresses a wish "that he had blotted more." "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, '*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,*' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Again in his *Staple of News* (acted 1625), a character says, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*" From these references it is inferred that in its original form the passage stood thus:—

"METELLUS. *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

CÆSAR. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong but with just cause,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied."*

It is impossible to determine whether Jonson misquoted, or whether (as seems more likely) his criticism effected its purpose, and the lines were changed by Shakespeare or by his editors.—I. G.

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
 So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshaked of motion: and that I am he, 70
 Let me a little show it, even in this;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators
 and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80
 'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;

77. "*Et tu, Brute*"; according to Plutarch, Cæsar called out in Latin to Casca, "*O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?*" Suetonius, however, states that Cæsar addressed Brutus in Greek:—"και σὺ, τέκνον," i. e. "*and thou, too, my son.*" The words "*Et tu, Brute*," proverbial in Elizabethan times, must have been derived from the Greek; they are found in at least three works published earlier than *Julius Cæsar*:—(i) Eedes' Latin play, *Cæsar's interfecti*, 1582; (ii) *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*, 1595; (iii) *Acolastus, his Afterwitte*, 1600. In Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, these lines occurs:—

"O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierced my breast;
 And Brutus thou, my son, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

—I. G.

Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person, 90
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mis-
chief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

101-102. This speech was originally given to Casca, but has unaccountably been taken from him by modern editors, and transferred to Cassius. The sentiment is in strict keeping with what Casca says in Act i. sc. 3: "Every bondman in his own hand bears the power to cancel his captivity." Steevens justly remarks, upon the dismissal of Casca, that the Poet knew he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
 So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
 His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans,
 stoop,
 And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
 And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!' 110
Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
 In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along
 No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd
 The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Aye, every man away:

individual in the crowd; and that Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult.—H. N. H.

105–110. These lines are given to Casca by Pope.—I. G.

115. "*on Pompey's basis*"; at the base of Pompey's statue. This was the actual scene of the murder, according to Plutarch. Shakespeare appears to assume that it was by the Capitol.—C. H. H.

116–118. There is nothing in the play more puzzling to us than this and the two preceding speeches. It seems to us that the Poet either committed a great oversight in making his heroes talk thus, or else meant it as a very significant and characteristic passage. Did he mean to indicate a sort of sentimental hanging and brooding over their own virtue, to suck thereout self-solacement and self-assurance of fame, such as might naturally grow from making patriotism the special purpose and profession of their lives?—H. N. H.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels 120
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of
Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master
Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

143. "to friend"; as our friend.—C. H. H.

That fears him much, and my misgivings still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, 151

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act,

You see we do; yet see you but our hands

152. Johnson explains this: "Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety?" So in the speech of Oliver in *As You Like It*, Act i. sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of Orlando: "Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your *rankness*."—H. N. H.

And this the bleeding business they have done:
 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
 Antony:

Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts and rever-
 ence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
 And then we will deliver you the cause
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:

174. "*in strength of malice*"; so Ff.; Pope, "*exempt from malice*"; Capell, "*no strength of malice*"; Seymour, "*reproof of malice*"; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, "*in strength of welcome*"; Badham conj. "*unstring their malice*," &c. If any emendation is necessary, Capell's suggestion commends itself most; but "*in strength of malice*" may mean "in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar's tyranny," and this, as Grant White points out, suits the context.—I. G.

Ib.; nerved with the hatred just displayed towards Cæsar, but which is innocuous to Antony.—C. H. H.

177–178. Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavors to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the Poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.—H. N. H.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours,
Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebolius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say? 190
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,
brave heart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters
stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

207–208. Coleridge gives out a strong opinion that these two lines were interpolated by some actor, and that we have but to read the passage without them, to see that they never were in it. He adds the following: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise

How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie! 210

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all, 220
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

out of some word in the lines before, but also lead on to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image, when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." We willingly give the Poet the benefit of this most subtle criticism, and should rejoice to be assured that Coleridge's opinion is right; for the lines are certainly a foul blemish in the passage: but, alas! to our thinking, they have too many brothers and sisters to admit of their being criticised out of the family.—H. N. H.

Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be moved

By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission,

And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

And say you do 't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250

After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, 259
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
 And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge, 270
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

262. "*limbs of men*"; so Ff.; Hanmer, "*kind of men*"; Johnson conj. "*lives of*" or "*lymmes of men*"; Jackson, "*imps of men*"; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, "*loins of men*"; Bulloch, "*limbs of Rome*," etc.—I. G.

By "*men*" Antony means not mankind in general. The scope of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, "*the parts of Italy*," and "*in these confines*."—H. N. H.

"*limbs*"; the commentators have stumbled at this word, and suggested in its place "*line*" (Warburton), "*lives*" or "*lymmes*," i. e. blood-hounds (Johnson), "*minds*" (Dyce), etc. But Antony contemplates the physical manglings and maimings of man which will be wrought by civil war.—C. H. H.

273. "*dogs of war*"; Steele, in the *Tattler*, No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the "*dogs of war*," *fire*, *sword*, and *famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act I of *King Henry V*: "At his heels, *leash'd* in like *hounds*, should *famine*, *sword*, and *fire*, crouch for employment."—H. N. H.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 289
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

294. "issue"; deed (the "issue" of their minds).—C. H. H.

SCENE II

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.]

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me
for my cause, and be silent, that you may
hear: believe me for mine honor, and have
respect to mine honor, that you may believe:
censure me in your wisdom, and awake your
senses, that you may the better judge. If
there be any in this assembly, any dear
friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' 20
love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then

that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for 30 his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none. 40

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his

48-55. In this celebrated speech, which, to our taste, is far from being a model of style either for oratory or anything else, the

death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, 50
a place in the commonwealth; as which of
you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as
I slew my best lover for the good of Rome,
I have the same dagger for myself, when it
shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his
house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus. 60

First Cit. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countryman, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.* 70

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Poet seems to have aimed at imitating the manner actually ascribed to Brutus. And Shakespeare's idea, as followed out in this speech, is sustained also by the *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, ascribed to Tacitus; wherein it is said that Brutus' style of eloquence was censured as *otiosum et disjunctum*. For, as Mr. Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum*, the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."—H. N. H.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;

We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you

[*Goes into the pulpit.*]

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third. Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 79

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,— 90

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept: 100

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know. 110

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then to mourn for
him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his
sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place. 120

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not
take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony,

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir 130
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— 140
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar' wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; 149

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men 160
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear
it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the
will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. 170
[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, 180
 That day he overcame the Nervii:
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved
 him! 190

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
 heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 200
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

196. "*statuë*" is here a word of three syllables.—H. N. H.

197. "*ran blood*"; the image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue. The words are from North's *Plutarch*: "Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain." —H. N. H.

Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woeful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight! 210

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 219

They that have done this deed are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

229. "*wit*" formerly meant *understanding*, and is so used by all

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on; 231
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor
 dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen: yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble
 Antony! 242

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
 what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the
 will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his
 death. 251

the writers of Shakespeare's time. The first folio has *writ* in this place, which was changed to *wit* in the second. Modern editors are somewhat divided between the two words, some taking *writ* for a *written speech*; a most unlikely meaning for the place, as it seems to us.—H. N. H.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away! 260

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any
thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he? 270

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

256. "*On this side Tiber*" Theobald proposed "*that*" for "*this*"; Cæsar's gardens were on the left bank of the river. Shakespeare followed North's *Plutarch*, and North merely translated the words in Amyot.—I. G.

262. The second folio reads "fire *all* the traitors' houses." The Poet often uses *fire* as two syllables, which dispenses with *all*.—H. N. H.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of
Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly. 10

First Cit. Aye, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Aye, and wisely.

2. That is, "things of ill omen oppress me." Steevens tells of having read in an old treatise on Fortune-Telling, that "to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune." The old copies read *unluckily*, which is changed to *unlikely* in Mr. Collier's second folio; a very unlikely reading. The matter of this scene is taken from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*.—H. N. H.

Third Cit. Aye, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man
or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man
directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely
I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are
fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for 20
that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna,

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a con- 30
spirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the
poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear
him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna;
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn
him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, 40
ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn
all: some to Decius' house, and some to
Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

36. This speech has been lost out of all modern editions until
Knight's.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

*A house in Rome.**Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.**Ant.* These many then shall die; their names are
prick'd.*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you,
Lepidus?*Lep.* I do consent—*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn
him.But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.*Lep.* What, shall I find you here? 10*Scene 1.* "*A house in Rome*"; the original stage direction indicates no place. Plutarch describes the meeting of the triumvirs as "in an island environed about with a little river." But Shakespeare evidently intended it to be in Rome.—C. H. H.4. Either the Poet or the printer fell into an error here; the true name of this person being not *Publius* but *Lucius*. Thus in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*: "Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will; Antonius also forsooke *Lucius* to Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus."—H. N. H.

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will:
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender: 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go
forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,

37. "*abjects, orts*"; Staunton's reading; Theobald, "*abject orts*"; Ff., "*Obiects, Arts*"; Becket conj. "*abject arts*"; Gould conj. "*abjects, orts.*" —I. G.

Which, out of use and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
 But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
 Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers: we must straight make
 head:

Therefore let our alliance be combined,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies; 49
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and
 Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

44. "our means stretch'd"; F. 1, "our meanes stretcht"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "and our best meanes stretcht out"; Johnson, "our best means stretcht"; Malone, "our means stretch'd to the utmost."—I. G.

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.
'There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*]

Bru. Hark! he is arrived: 30
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done we wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs; 40

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from
us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our confer-
ence.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

50, 52. Craik's suggestion that "*Lucilius*" and "*Lucius*" have been transposed in these lines has been accepted by many Editors. The Cambridge editors are of opinion that the error is due to the author and not to a transcriber, and have, therefore, not tampered with the text.—I. G.

SCENE III

*Brutus's tent.**Enter Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet

That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself 9
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20

20. "*what villain*"; this question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
 farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.—H. N. H.

28. "*bait*"; so in all the old copies; but commonly changed to *bay* in modern editions, the repeating of the word being thought to add spirit to the dialogue. We think otherwise. To *bait* is to worry or harass with violent attacks. Richardson says it is formed regularly from *bay*, to bark at, thus,—*bayed*, *bay'd*, *bayt*, *bait*. In *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. sc. 3, Leontes says of Paulina,—“A callat, of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband, and now *baits* me!”—H. N. H.

32. "*make conditions*"; to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.—H. N. H.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! aye, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you 69
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to
wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath
rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is awearied of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
100

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst
him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, 110
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave
me 120

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so.

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and
Lucius.*

Cas. How now! what's the matter? 129

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should
be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

124. This incident of the Poet is from North's *Plutarch, Life of Brutus*, though the intruder is not there a poet.—H. N. H.

129. *Cp.* "This Phaonius . . . came into the chamber and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

*'My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than suchie three.'*"

(North's *Plutarch*).—I. G.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I 'll know his humor when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling
fools?

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead. 149

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark
Antony

133. "vilely"; so F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, "vildely"; F. 3, "vildly."—I. G.

"cynic"; the Cynics, or followers of Diogenes, professed, like their master, a bold manner of speech, and deliberately ignored social conventions.—C. H. H.

Have made themselves so strong: for with her
death

That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of
wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. ¹⁶⁰

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius!

[*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,

156. So in North's *Plutarch*: "And for Porcia, Brutus wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write that she, determining to kill herselfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to keepe her from it,) tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herselfe. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sicke, they wold not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herself, chusing to die rather than to languish in paine."—H. N. H.

That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. 180
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,
Messala: 190

With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should en-
dure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us: 199

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense; whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defense and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off 210
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220

194. "*in art*"; that is, in *theory*.—H. N. H.

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves and meet them at
Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit*
Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Var. and Clau. lie down.]

250-253. This characteristic little incident of the book was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*. It makes a part of the account there given of the apparition: "As they prepared to passe over out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest. But now whilst he was in the warre, and his head over-busily occupied to thinke of his affaires and what would happen, having slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and, after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains and colonels did use to come to him." The passage then goes on with the story, how, "casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him."—H. N. H.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Aye, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir. 260

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again.

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good
night; 269

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good
night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd
down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*Sits down.*]

268. A "mace" is the ancient term for a *scepter*. Shakespeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faerie Queene*:

"When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*
Arrested all that courtly company."—H. N. H.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That makest my blood cold, and my hair to
 stare? 280

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again.

Ghost. Aye, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[Exit Ghost.]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

Claudius! 291

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
 out?

“*Enter the Ghost*”; in Plutarch’s *Life of Brutus* this apparition is not spoken of as the *ghost* of Cæsar, but only as “a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him.” The point is of little moment, save as showing the Poet’s care to make the most out of his materials. In the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, he had the following: “Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar.—H. N. H.

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! 300

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Aye: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

*The plains of Philippi.**Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
 You said the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions;
 It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have cour-
 age;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:

10. Though "*fearful*" is often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in an active sense, for *producing fear*, or *terrible*, it may in this instance bear its usual acceptation of *timorous*, or, as it was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted*. Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a *fearefull boldness*, daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to doe."—H. N. H.

The enemy comes on in gallant show;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.* 20

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army;
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some
 words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
 Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
 words: 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
 Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

20. "*I will do so*," i. e. "I will do as you wish, and keep on the left"; according to some Editors, the words may mean "I will not wrangle, but will have my way."—I. G.

33. "*are*"; it should be "*is* yet unknown." More correct writers

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile dag-
gers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

50

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

than Shakespeare have committed this error, where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although such noun be not the subject of the verb.—H. N. H.

53. "*three and thirty*"; Theobald, "*three and twenty*," (the number given in *Plutarch*).—I. G.

55. That is, "till you, traitors as you are, have added the slaughtering of me, another Cæsar, to that of Julius." There were no

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honor-
able. 60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveler!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general? 70

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Mes-
sala:

Be thou my witness that, against my will,

need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier, on the strength of his second folio, would read, "to the *word* of traitors."—H. N. H.

72. "*as this very day*"; (on) this very day. "*As*" was used to specify determinations of time; of modern "*as yet*."—C. H. H.

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties.
 You know that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion: now I change my mind
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us:
 This morning are they fled away and gone;
 And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly, 90
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together:
 What are you then determined to do? 100

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

101-108. To the understanding of this speech, it must be observed, that the *sense* of the word, "*arming myself*," &c., follows next after the words, "*which he did give himself*."—H. N. H.

The construction is somewhat ambiguous. But it is better (with

By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself: I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life: arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
 Roman,

Craik and Camb. edd.) to make "I know not how" depend on what precedes than (with Dyce) to suppose a long parenthesis, "I know not how . . . life," foreign to the simple style of this play; the first two lines being then a direct answer to Cassius' question, which, however, they do not neatly fit. Brutus' argument has been much discussed. Plutarch makes him say: "Being yet but a young man and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust[ed] (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing himself . . . but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind." Shakespeare's Brutus does not thus formally announce his retractation; he is startled into it by the sudden vision of a Roman triumph.—C. H. H.

102. "*Cato*," of Utica, who committed suicide after the triumph of Cæsar at Pharsalia. This incident was doubtless familiar to Shakespeare's audience from the "Cæsar and Pompey" plays.—C. H. H.

111. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his former speech; but there is no real one. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. The passage seems designed to indicate a struggle between the speculative and the practical in the mind of Brutus. Experience is at length growing too strong for his philosophy; and he here wavers between his cherished ideal of right and the suggestions of a pressing exigency. But

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus! 120
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might
 know

The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

what shall we say of the remark with which he closes his oration "showing the reason of our Cæsar's death?" He there says,— "I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death." Were these discrepancies or variations of temper and purpose intended by the Poet as a part of Brutus' character? Or were they mere slips of memory in the Poet, like that seeming oversight in the case of Shylock? Compare his two speeches, Act i. sc. 3,— "Yes, to smell pork," &c., and Act ii. sc. 5,— "I am bid forth to supper," &c.—H. N. H.

SCENE II

The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:

[*Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him,

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: 10

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights
too. 31

He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout
for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

20. "get higher"; Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hill somewhat *higher* than that he is on.—H. N. H.

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath; 40

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;

And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]

Cæsar, thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius 51

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dewes and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon con-
ceived,

Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cas-
sius? 80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part. 89
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
 [*Kills himself.*]

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, and others.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

99. "*The last*"; Rowe unnecessarily suggested, "*Thou last*"; but *cp.* North's *Plutarch*, "he (Brutus) lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last* of all the Romans."—I. G.

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
 And come, young Cato: let us to the field.
 Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. 110
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies;
 then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
 me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for
 Brutus! [*Exit.*]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10

And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:

[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou
 wilt kill me straight;

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough: 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Another part of the field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,
and Volumnius.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school to-
gether:

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history: 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]

Cæsar, now be still: 50

33. "*Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen*"; Theobald's emendation of Ff., "*Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen.*"—I. G.

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? 61

Stra. Aye, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

71. "*in a general honest thought And*"; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, reads "*in a generous honest thought Of*."—I. G.

Ib.; out of honest regard for the common good.—C. H. H.

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away, 80
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- ABIDE, answer for, suffer for; III. i. 94; III. ii. 123.
- ABJECTS, things cast away; IV. i. 37.
- ABOUT, go about; I. i. 75.
—!, set to work; III. ii. 212.
- ABROAD, about in; III. ii. 258.
- ACROSS, crossed, folded; II. i. 240.
- ADDRESS'D, ready; III. i. 29.
- ADVANTAGE, profit us; III. i. 242.
- AFTER, afterwards; I. ii. 76.
- AGAINST, over against, near; I. iii. 20.
- ALL OVER, one after the other; II. i. 112.
- ALONE, only; IV. iii. 94.
- AN, if; I. ii. 274.
- ANCHISES, the father of Æneas; when Troy was sacked he bore him on his shoulders from the burning town; I. ii. 114.
- ANGEL, darling, favorite, (?) guardian angel; III. ii. 189.
- ANNOY, injure, harm; II. i. 160.
- ANSWER, be ready for combat; V. i. 24.
- ANSWER'D, paid for, atoned for; III. ii. 89.
- ANSWERED, faced; IV. i. 47.
- APACE, quickly; V. iii. 87.
- APPARENT, manifest; II. i. 198.
- APPOINT, settle upon; IV. i. 30.
- APPREHENSIVE, endowed with intelligence; III. i. 67.
- APT, suitable, likely; II. ii. 97.
- APT, ready, fit; III. i. 160.
—, impressionable; V. iii. 68.
- ARRIVE, reach; I. ii. 110.
- ASTONISH, stun with terror; I. iii. 56.
- ATE, the goddess of Mischief and Revenge; III. i. 271.
- AT HAND, in hand; IV. ii. 23.
- AUGHT, anything; I. ii. 85.
- AUGURERS, professional interpreters of omens, (originally, diviners by the flight and cries of birds); II. i. 200.
- BAIT, hunt, chase (Theobald, "bay"); IV. iii. 28.
- BANG, blow; III. iii. 20.
- BARREN-SPIRITED, dull; IV. i. 36.
- BASE, low; II. i. 26.
- BASTARDY, act of baseness; II. i. 138.
- BATTLES, forces; V. i. 4.
- BAY, bark at; IV. iii. 27.
- BAY'D, driven to bay; (a term of the chase); III. i. 204.
- BEAR A HAND OVER, hold in check (as a rider); I. ii. 35.
- BEAR HARD, bear ill-will against; I. ii. 325; II. i. 215.
- BEAR ME, bear from me, receive from me; III. iii. 20.
- BEARS (BETRAYED) WITH GLASSES; alluding to the stories that bears were surprised by means of mirrors, which they would

- gaze into, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim; II. i. 205.
- BEAT, beaten; V. v. 23.
- BEHAVIORS, conduct; I. ii. 42.
- BEHOLDING, beholden; III. ii. 74.
- BELIKE, perhaps; III. ii. 277.
- BEND, look; I. ii. 123.
- BENDING, directing, pressing on; IV. iii. 170.
- BEST; "you were b.", it were best for you; III. iii. 13.
- BESTOW, spend; V. v. 61.
- BETIMES, in good time, early; II. i. 116.
- BILLS, billets, written documents; V. ii. 1.
- BIRD OF NIGHT, *i. e.* the owl; I. iii. 26.
- BLOOD; "Pompey's b." (probably) offspring; Gnæus, Pompey's son, had been killed at Munda, and Cæsar's triumph was in honor of the victory; I. i. 57.
- BLOODS; "young b.", young people; IV. iii. 262.
- BONDMAN, used with a play upon "bond," *i. e.* document ("to cancel a bond"); I. iii. 101.
- BONES, body, corpse; V. v. 78.
- BOOTLESS, without avail, to no purpose; III. i. 75.
- BOSOMS; "in their b.", in their confidence; V. i. 7.
- BREAK WITH, broach the subject to; II. i. 150.
- BRING, take; III. ii. 278.
- BROTHER, *i. e.* brother-in-law, (Cassius having married a sister of Brutus); II. i. 70.
- BROUGHT, accompanied; I. iii. 1.
- BRUTUS; "old B.", *i. e.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; I. iii. 146; (*cp.* I. ii. 159).
- BRUTUS; "Decius B.", *i. e.* Decimus B., (the error being due to a misprint in Amyot's French translation of Plutarch, copied by North, and hence in Shakespeare); Decimus B. was placed next after Octavius in Cæsar's will; he had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and was made governor of Cisalpine Gaul; I. iii. 148.
- BUDGE, give way; IV. iii. 44.
- BUSTLING RUMOR, noise of tumult; II. iv. 18.
- BY, near, close to; III. i. 162.
- CALCULATE, speculate upon future events; I. iii. 65.
- CALPURNIA, Cæsar's fourth wife, (F. 1, "*Calphurnia*"); I. ii. 1.
- CARRIONS, worthless beings (a term of contempt); II. i. 130.
- CAST; "c. yourself in wonder," *i. e.* throw yourself into wonder; (?) "dress hastily"; (Jervis conj. "*Case*," *i. e.* "encase, clothe yourself"); I. iii. 60.
- CAUTELOUS, crafty; II. i. 129.
- CENSURE, judge; III. ii. 17.
- CEREMONIES, festal ornaments; I. i. 71.
- , religious observances; II. i. 197.
- , omens; II. ii. 13.
- CHAFING WITH, fretting against; I. ii. 101.
- CHANCE, happen; II. iv. 31.
- CHANCED, happened; I. ii. 216.
- CHANGE, exchange; V. iii. 51.
- ; "in his own c.", by some change of disposition towards me; (Warburton, "*charge*"); IV. ii. 7.
- , change countenance; III. i. 24.
- CHARACTERY, writing; II. i. 308.

Glossary

CHARGE, burden, weigh upon; III. iii. 2.
 CHARGES, troops; IV. ii. 48.
 CHARM, conjure; II. i. 271.
 CHECK'D, reproved; IV. iii. 97.
 CHEW UPON, ponder; I. ii. 171.
 CHOLER, anger; IV. iii. 39.
 CHOPPED, chapped; (Ff., "*chopt*"; Knight, "*chapped*"); I. ii. 248.
 CHOSE, chosen; II. i. 314.
 CLEAN, entirely; I. iii. 35.
 CLIMATE, region; I. iii. 32.
 CLOSE, hidden; I. iii. 131.
 —, come to terms; III. i. 203.
 CLOSET, room; III. ii. 138.
 COBBLER, botcher, (used quibblingly); I. i. 11.
 COGNIZANCE, badges of honors; II. ii. 89.
 COLOSSUS, a gigantic statue said to have stood astride at the entrance of the harbor at Rhodes; I. ii. 136.
 COLOR, pretext; II. i. 29.
 COME BY, get possession; II. i. 259.
 COMPANION, fellow; (used contemptuously); IV. iii. 138.
 COMPARE, let us compare, we will compare; III. ii. 9.
 COMPASS, circle, course; V. iii. 25.
 COMPLEXION, appearance; I. iii. 128.
 CONCEIT, think of; III. i. 192.
 CONCEITED, conceived; I. iii. 162.
 CONCEPTIONS, ideas; I. ii. 41.
 CONCLUDED, decided; II. ii. 93.
 CONDITION, disposition; II. i. 254.
 CONFINES, boundaries; III. i. 272.
 CONN'D BY ROTE, learned by heart; IV. iii. 98.
 CONSORTED, escorted, accompanied; V. i. 83.
 CONSTANCY, firmness; II. iv. 6.
 CONSTANT, firm; III. i. 22.
 CONSTANTLY, firmly; V. i. 92.

THE TRAGEDY OF

CONSTRUE, explain; II. i. 307.
 CONTENT, easy; I. iii. 142.
 —, calm; IV. ii. 41.
 —, glad; V. i. 8.
 CONTRIVE, conspire, plot; II. iii. 17.
 CONTRIVER, schemer, plotter; II. i. 158.
 CONTROVERSY; "hearts of c.", spirits eager for resistance; I. ii. 109.
 CORSE, corpse; III. i. 199.
 COUCHINGS, stoopings; III. i. 36.
 COUNTERS, round pieces of metal used in calculations; IV. iii. 80.
 COURSE; "run his c.", alluding to the course of the Luperi round the city wall; "that day there are diverse noble men's sons, young men, and some of them magistrates themselves, that govern them, which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leathern thongs" (made of the skins of goats which had been sacrificed.)—*North's Plutarch*; I. ii. 4.
 COURTESIES, bowings, bendings of the knee; III. i. 36.
 CROSS LIGHTNING, forked lightning; I. iii. 50.
 CULL OUT, pick out; I. i. 55.
 CYNIC, rude man; IV. iii. 133.
 DAMN, condemn; IV. i. 6.
 DEARER, more bitterly, more intensely; III. i. 196.
 DEGREES, steps; II. i. 26.
 DELIVER, relate to; III. i. 181.
 DINT, impression; III. ii. 202.
 DIRECTLY, plainly; I. i. 12; III. iii. 10.
 DIRECTLY, straight; I. ii. 3; IV. i. 32.

DISCOMFORT, discourage; V. iii. 106.

DISCOVER, show; I. ii. 69.

DISHONOR, insult; IV. iii. 109.

DISROBE, strip of their decorations; I. i. 70.

DISTRACT, distracted; IV. iii. 155.

DOUBLET, the inner garment of a man; I. ii. 273.

DOUBTED, suspected; IV. ii. 13.

DRACHMA, a Greek coin, strictly about half of the Roman denarius, but Plutarch's "drachmas" were probably equivalent to denarii, and were about 19 cents in value; III. ii. 250.

DRAWN, assembled; I. iii. 22.

ELEMENT, sky; I. iii. 128.

ELEPHANTS BETRAYED WITH HOLES; "elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed"; II. i. 205.

EMULATION, jealousy, envy; II. iii. 15.

ENFORCED, exaggerated; III. ii. 45.

—, struck hard; IV. iii. 112.

ENFRANCHISEMENT, liberty, freedom; III. i. 57.

ENLARGE, give vent to; IV. ii. 46.

ENROLLED, recorded; III. ii. 43.

ENSIGN, standard; V. i. 80.

—, standard-bearer (and by implication, standard; hence "it," line 4); V. iii. 3.

ENTERTAIN, take into service; V. v. 60.

ENVOIOUS, spiteful, malicious; II. i. 178; III. ii. 183.

ENVY, hatred, malice; II. i. 164.

EPICURUS; "I held E. strong," i. e. I followed the Epicurean school, which held that the

gods scarcely troubled themselves with human affairs; hence the Epicureans regarded the belief in omens as mere superstition; V. iii. 77.

EREBUS, the region of utter darkness between Earth and Hades; II. i. 84.

ETERNAL, infernal, damned (used to express extreme abhorrence); I. ii. 160.

EVEN; "e. field," i. e. level ground; V. i. 17.

—, pure, unblemished; II. i. 133.

EVER, always; V. iii. 21.

EVILS, evil things; II. i. 79.

EXHALATIONS, meteors; II. i. 44.

EXIGENT, exigency, crisis; V. i. 19.

EXORCIST, one who raises spirits; II. i. 323.

EXPEDITION, march; IV. iii. 170.

EXTENUATED, undervalued, detracted from; III. ii. 44.

EXTREMITIES, extremes; II. i. 31.

FACE, boldness; V. i. 10.

—, "f. of men," sense of danger depicted on men's faces; II. i. 114.

FACTION, body of conspirators; II. i. 77.

FACTIOUS, active; I. iii. 118.

FAIN, gladly; I. ii. 242.

FALL, happen; III. i. 243; V. i. 105.

—, let fall; IV. ii. 26.

FALLING SICKNESS, epilepsy; I. ii. 260.

FALLS, turns out, is; III. i. 146.

FAMED WITH, made famous by; I. ii. 153.

FAMILIAR INSTANCES, marks of familiarity; IV. ii. 16.

FANTASIES, imaginings; II. i. 231.

Glossary

FASHION, shape, form; II. i. 30.
 —, way, manner; (trissyllabic); IV. iii. 135.
 FASHION; "begin his f.", begin to be fashionable with him; IV. i. 39.
 —, work upon, shape; II. i. 220.
 FAVOR, appearance; I. ii. 91.
 —, countenance; II. i. 76.
 FAVOR 's, appearance is; I. iii. 129.
 FEAR, cause of fear; II. i. 190.
 FEARFUL BRAVERY, terrible display, gallant show of courage; V. i. 10.
 FELL, fierce; III. i. 269.
 FELLOW, equal; III. i. 62.
 FERRET, red as the eyes of a ferret; I. ii. 186.
 FIELD, army; V. v. 80.
 FIGURES, "idle fancies" (Craik); II. i. 231.
 FIRST DECREE, what has been decreed at first; (Craik conj. "*fix'd d.*"; S. Walker conj. "*fird*"); III. i. 38.
 FLEERING, grinning; I. iii. 117.
 FLOOD, ocean; I. ii. 103.
 FLOURISH'D, triumphed; III. ii. 200.
 FOND, foolish; III. i. 39.
 FOR, as for; II. i. 181.
 FORCE; "of f.", of necessity; IV. iii. 203.
 FORM, manner of behaving; I. ii. 311.
 FORMAL CONSTANCY, proper composure; II. i. 227.
 FORMER, foremost; V. i. 80.
 FORTH, to go out; I. ii. 301.
 FORTH OF, out of; III. iii. 3.
 FREEDOM OF REPEAL, free recall; III. i. 54.
 FRESH, freshly; II. i. 224.
 FRET, variegate (as with a kind

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of fretwork pattern); II. i. 104.
 —, be vexed; IV. iii. 42.
 FRIGHTED, afraid; IV. iii. 40.
 FROM, contrary to; I. iii. 35.
 —, away from; I. iii. 64; III. ii. 173; IV. ii. 49.
 —, differently to; II. i. 196.
 FUNERAL, funeral ceremonies; III. i. 230.
 GAIT, manner of walking; I. iii. 132.
 GAMESOME, fond of games; I. ii. 28.
 GENERAL, general public; II. i. 12.
 —, "in a g. honest thought," in the general honesty of his motives; V. v. 71.
 GENERAL COFFERS, public treasury; III. ii. 98.
 GENERAL GOOD, public good, welfare of the people; I. ii. 85.
 GENIUS, the rational spirit temporarily lodged within the body, directing for good or bad the bodily faculties; II. i. 66.
 GIVE GUESS, guess; II. i. 3.
 GIVE PLACE, make way; III. i. 10.
 —, give way; IV. iii. 146.
 GIVES WAY, leaves open the way; II. iii. 8.
 GLANCED, hinted; I. ii. 332.
 GLAZED, glared; (Ff., "*glaz'd*"; changed by editors to "*glared*" or "*gazed*," but the word was perhaps coined by Shakespeare to express a *glazed* or *glassy* stare); I. iii. 21.
 GOES UP, is sheathed; V. i. 52.
 GOOD CHEER, be of good cheer; III. i. 89.
 GORGING, feeding, glutting; V. i. 82.

Go to, exclamation of impatience; IV. iii. 32.

GRACE, honor, respect; III. ii. 66.

GRACIOUS, holy; III. ii. 202.

GREEK; "it was Greek to me," it was unintelligible to me; I. ii. 295.

GRIEFS, grievances; I. iii. 118; III. ii. 221.

GROWING ON, encroaching on; II. i. 107.

HAND; "my h.", there is my hand upon it; I. iii. 117.

HANDIWORK, work; I. i. 30.

HANDS, handwritings; I. ii. 328.

HAVE AIM, make a guess at; I. ii. 163.

HAVE MIND, regard, look to; IV. iii. 36.

HAVOC; "cry 'Havoc,'" in olden times the cry that no quarter was to be given; III. i. 273.

HEAD; "make h.", raise an armed troop; IV. i. 42.

HEALTH, safety; IV. iii. 36.

HEAVY, depressed; II. i. 275.

HEDGE IN, put under restraint; IV. iii. 30.

HENCE, go hence; II. i. 117.

HIE, hasten; I. iii. 150.

HIGH-SIGHTED, soaring high, (?) supercilious; II. i. 118.

HILTS, applied to a single weapon; V. iii. 43.

HIM, himself; I. iii. 156.

—; "by h.", *i. e.* by his house; II. i. 218.

HIS, its; I. ii. 124; II. i. 251; IV. iii. 8.

HOLD, consider, look upon; I. ii. 78.

—, keep, detain; I. ii. 83; II. i. 201.

HOLDS ON HIS RANK, stands firm,

continues to hold his place; III. i. 69.

HONEY-HEAVY; "h. dew," heavy with honey, (with perhaps a reference to the belief that dew was honey-laden; hence the honey-flowers); II. i. 230.

HONORABLE, honorably; V. i. 60.

HOOTED, shouted with wonder; (Johnson's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "howted"; F. 4, "houted"; Hammer, "shouted"); I. ii. 248.

HOOTING, crying; I. iii. 28.

HORSE, cavalry; IV. ii. 29.

HOWEVER, although; I. ii. 311.

HUMOR, distemper, caprice; II. i. 250.

—, distempered humor, passing caprice; IV. iii. 109.

HUMORS, damp airs; II. i. 262.

HURTLED, clashed; II. ii. 22.

HYBLA, a town in Sicily famous for its honey; V. i. 34.

IDES OF MARCH, *i. e.* fifteenth of March; I. ii. 18.

IDLE BED, bed of idleness; II. i. 117.

ILLUMINATE, illumine; I. iii. 110.

IMAGES, statues of Cæsar; I. i. 70.

IN, on; IV. i. 27.

—, into; V. iii. 96.

INCERTAIN, uncertain; V. i. 96.

INCORPORATE, closely united; I. iii. 135.

INDIFFERENTLY, impartially; I. ii. 87.

INDIRECTION, dishonest practice; IV. iii. 75.

INSUPPRESSIVE, not to be suppressed; II. i. 134.

INTERMIT, delay; I. i. 60.

JADE, a term of contempt for a worthless horse; IV. ii. 26.

Glossary

JEALOUS ON, suspicious about; I. ii. 71.
JIGGING, rhyming; IV. iii. 137.
JOY, rejoice; V. v. 34.
KERCHIEF, a covering for the head (a sign of illness); II. i. 315.
KIND, nature; I. iii. 64.
 —, species; II. i. 33.
KNAVE, boy; IV. iii. 241.
LABOR'D; "but I." labored but; V. v. 42.
LABORING; "a I. day," i. e. a working day; I. i. 4.
LAUGHTER, jester; (Ff., "*Laughter*"? = object of laughter); I. ii. 72.
LAY OFF, take away from; I. ii. 245.
LEFT, left off; IV. iii. 274.
LEGIONS, bodies of infantry; IV. iii. 76.
LEND ME YOUR HAND, help me; III. i. 297.
LET BLOOD, used equivocally with a play upon the surgical operation of "blood-letting"; III. i. 152.
LETHE, death; perhaps a technical term for the deer's life-blood; (F. 1, "*Lethæ*"; Cp. lethal, L. *lethalis* or *letal*, from *letum*, death); III. i. 206.
LIABLE, subject; II. ii. 104.
LIEF; "had as I.", would as willingly, gladly (with a play upon 'live'); I. ii. 95.
LIES, halts; III. i. 286.
LIGHT, alight; V. iii. 31.
LIGHT ON, come down on; I. i. 61.
LIKE; "every I. is not the same," i. e. "to be like a thing is not to be that same thing"; II. ii. 127.

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LIKE, same; IV. ii. 50.
 —, likely; I. ii. 175.
LISTEN, listen to; IV. i. 41.
LIVE, if I live; III. i. 159.
LOOK, be sure, see; I. iii. 143.
LOOK FOR, expect; IV. iii. 262.
LOVER, friend; II. iii. 11.
LOW-CROOKED, lowly bendings of the knee; III. i. 43.
LUPERCAL; "the feast of L.", i. e. the Lupercalia; a feast of purification and fertilization held every year on 15th February (v. COURSE); I. i. 73.
LUSTY, strong; II. ii. 78.
MAIN, confident, firm; II. i. 196.
MAKE FORTH, go on, forward; V. i. 25.
MAKES TO, presses towards; III. i. 18.
MAKE TO, advance; V. iii. 29.
MARK, notice, observe; I. ii. 120.
MARR'D, disfigured; III. ii. 205.
MART, traffic; IV. iii. 11.
MAY BUT, only may; I. iii. 144.
ME; "plucked me ope" (Ethic dative); I. ii. 272.
MEAN, means; III. i. 161.
MECHANICAL, belonging to the working-classes, mechanics; I. i. 3.
METAL, mettle, temper; (Ff., "*mettle*"); I. i. 67.
METTLE; "quick m.", full of spirit; I. ii. 308.
MIND, presentiment; III. i. 144.
MISGIVING, presentiment, foreboding of ill; III. i. 145.
MISTOOK, mistaken; I. ii. 48.
MOCK, taunt; II. ii. 96.
MODESTY, moderation; III. i. 213.
MOE, more; II. i. 72.
MONSTROUS, unnatural; I. iii. 68
 71.

MORTAL INSTRUMENTS, bodily powers; II. i. 66.
MORTIFIED, deadened; II. i. 324.
MOTION, impulse; II. i. 64.

NAPKINS, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 142.

NEATS-LEATHER, ox-hide; I. i. 29.

NERVII, a fierce Belgic tribe conquered by Cæsar at the great battle of the Sambre, B.C. 57; III. ii. 181.

NEW-ADDED, re-inforced; IV. iii. 209.

NICE, trivial; IV. iii. 8.

NIGGARD, stint, supply sparingly; IV. iii. 228.

NIGHT-GOWN, dressing-gown; II. ii. (direc.).

NOTED, stigmatized; IV. iii. 2.

NO WHIT, not at all; II. i. 148.

OBSERVE, take notice; IV. iii. 45.

OCCUPATION; "a man of o.", a mechanic; probably used with play upon secondary meaning, "a man of business"; I. ii. 274.

O'ERSHOT MYSELF, gone too far, said more than I intended; III. ii. 159.

O'ER-WATCH'D, weary, worn out with watching; IV. iii. 241.

OF, in; II. i. 157.

OFFAL, worthless rubbish; I. iii. 109.

OFFENSE; "sick o.", malady which makes you sick; II. i. 268.

OFFENSE, harm, injury; IV. iii. 201.

OFFICERS, "by ill o.", the ill conduct of his officers; (Johnson conj. "*affices*"); IV. ii. 7.

OMITTED, neglected; IV. iii. 220.

ONCE, some time; IV. iii. 191.

OPE, open; I. ii. 272.

OPINION, reputation; II. i. 145.

ORCHARDS, gardens; III. ii. 256.

ORDER, course; III. i. 230.

ORTS, remnants, fragments; IV. i. 37.

OTHER, the other; I. ii. 230.

OUT; "be not o.", do not be at odds, do not quarrel; I. i. 17.

—, "be o.", out at heels; I. i. 18.

PALM, the prize of victory; I. ii. 131.

PALTER, shuffle, equivocate; II. i. 126.

PARDON; "by your p.", by your leave; III. i. 235.

PART, divide; V. v. 81.

PASS, pass through; I. i. 48.

—, pass on; I. ii. 24.

PASSION, feelings; I. ii. 48.

—, grief; III. i. 283.

PASSIONS OF SOME DIFFERENCE, conflicting emotions; I. ii. 40.

PATH, walk abroad; II. i. 83.

PEEVISH, wayward (used contemptuously); V. i. 61.

PHANTASMA, vision; II. i. 65.

PHILIPPI, in the east of Macedonia, on the borders of Thrace; V. i. 83.

PHYSICAL, healthy; II. i. 261.

PITCH, a technical term used of the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; I. i. 79.

PITIFUL, full of pity, merciful; III. i. 169.

PLEASURES, pleasantries, pleasure grounds; III. ii. 257.

PLUCK'D, pulled down; II. i. 73.

PLUTUS', of the god of riches (Ff., "*Pluto's*"); IV. iii. 102.

POMPEY'S PORCH, *Porticus Pompeii*, the portico of Pompey's Theater, in the Campus Martius; it was also called *Hecatomstylon*, or "Hall of the hundred columns"; I. iii. 126.

PORTENTOUS, ominous; I. iii. 31.
POSTURE, position, direction;
 (Singer conj. "*puncture*"; Bul-
 loch conj. "*portents*"; Schmidt
 conj. "*nature*"; Herr conj.
 "*powers*"); V. i. 33.
POWERS, armed forces, troops;
 IV. i. 42; IV. iii. 307.
PREFER, present; III. i. 28.
 —, recommend; V. v. 62.
PERFORMED, originally intended;
 I. iii. 67.
PRE-ORDINANCE, what has been
 previously ordained; III. i. 38.
PRESAGE, foreshow future events;
 V. i. 79.
PRESENT, present time; I. ii. 165.
 —, immediate; II. ii. 5.
PRESENTLY, immediately; III. i.
 28.
PRESS, crowd, throng; I. ii. 15.
PREVAIL'D UPON, influenced; II. i.
 254.
PREVENT, anticipate; II. i. 28; V.
 i. 105.
PREVENTION, detection; II. i. 85.
 —, hindrance; III. i. 19.
PRICK, incite; II. i. 124.
PRICK'D, marked down, marked
 on the list; III. i. 216; IV. i.
 1.
PROCEEDED, taken place; I. ii. 181.
 —, acted; III. i. 183.
PROCEEDING, course of conduct;
 II. ii. 103.
PRODIGIOUS, portentous; I. iii. 77.
PRODUCE, bring out; III. i. 228.
PROFESS MYSELF, make professions
 of affection; I. ii. 77.
PROOF, "common p.", common ex-
 perience; II. i. 21.
PROPER, handsome; I. i. 29.
 —, own; V. iii. 96.
PROPER TO, belonging to; I. ii. 41.
PROPERTY, tool; IV. i. 40.
PROTESTER, one who protests or

professes love or friendship to
 another; I. ii. 74.
PUBLIC CHAIR, the pulpit or *ros-
 tra*; III. ii. 72.
PUISSANT, powerful; III. i. 33.
PULPITS, *rostra*, platforms; II.
 i. 80.
PURGERS, healers; II. i. 180.
PURPOSE, "to the p.", to hit the
 purpose; III. i. 146.
PUT ON, betray; II. i. 225.
PUTS ON, assumes; I. ii. 311.
QUALITY, natural disposition; I.
 iii. 64.
QUESTION, subject; III. ii. 43.
 —; "call in q.", discuss, con-
 sider; IV. iii. 165.
QUICK, lively; I. ii. 29.
RABBLEMENT, rabble; I. ii. 247.
RAISE, rouse; IV. iii. 247.
RANGE, roam; (derived from fal-
 conry; used of hawks and fal-
 cons in search of game); II. i.
 118.
RANGING, roaming; III. i. 270.
RANK, too full of blood; III. i.
 152.
RASCAL, worthless; IV. iii. 80.
REARS, raises; III. i. 30.
REGARD, consideration; III. i. 224.
 —, notice; V. iii. 21.
REGARDED, respected; V. iii. 88.
REMORSE, pity; II. i. 19.
RENDER'D, given in reply; II. ii.
 97.
REPEALING, recalling; III. i. 51.
REPLICATION, echo; I. i. 52.
RESOLVED, satisfied; III. i. 131.
RESPECT, "of the best r.", held in
 the greatest respect; I. ii. 59.
RESPECT, take notice of; IV. iii.
 69.
 —; "in r. of," i. e. in com-
 parison with; I. i. 10.
REST, remain; V. i. 96.

- RESTING**, not subject to motion; III. i. 61.
RETENTIVE, restraining; I. iii. 95.
RHEUMY, moist; II. i. 266.
RIGHT ON, straight on; III. ii. 231.
RIVED, split, torn; I. iii. 6; IV. iii. 84.
ROME, used quibblingly with a play upon "room"; the pronunciation of the words was almost identical; I. ii. 156.
ROUND, rung, step; II. i. 24.
ROUT, disorderly company, mob; I. ii. 78.
RUDE, brutal; III. ii. 35.
SAD, serious; I. ii. 217.
SATISFIED, given satisfaction, convinced; III. i. 141.
SAVE ONLY, except; V. v. 69.
SAVING, in saving; V. iii. 38.
SCANDAL, defame, speak ill of; I. ii. 76.
'SCAPED, escaped; IV. iii. 150.
SCHEDULE, paper written on; (Ff. 1, 2, "*scedule*";); III. i. 3.
SCOPE, full play; IV. iii. 108.
SEARCH, pierce; V. iii. 42.
SECURITY, over-confidence; II. iii. 8.
SENNET, a set of notes on the cornet, or trumpet; I. ii. 24-25.
SERVED, attended to; III. i. 8.
SET ON, proceed; I. ii. 11.
 —, set forward; IV. iii. 307.
SEVERAL, different; I. ii. 328.
 —, special; II. i. 138.
 —, separate; III. ii. 250.
SHADOW, reflected image; I. ii. 58.
SHALLOWS, sandbanks; IV. iii. 221.
SHOW, demonstration; I. ii. 34.
SHREWD, mischievous; II. i. 158.
SHREWDLY, close enough; (used with an intensive force); III. i. 146.
SIGN'D, stamped, stained; III. i. 206.
SIRRAH, a form of address to inferiors; IV. iii. 300.
SLAUGHTER; "have added s.", have added another victim; V. i. 55.
SLIGHT, worthless; IV. i. 12.
SLIGHTED OFF, treated with contempt; IV. iii. 5.
SLIP; "let s.", unleash; III. i. 273.
SMATCH, smack; V. v. 46.
So, if only; I. ii. 166.
SOBER, calm; IV. ii. 40.
SOFTLY, slowly; V. i. 16.
SOIL, blemish; I. ii. 42.
SOMETIME, sometimes; II. i. 251.
SOOTH, in sooth, in truth; II. iv. 20.
So PLEASE HIM, if it please him to; III. i. 140.
SORT, rank; I. i. 63.
 —, way; I. ii. 205.
 —; "in s.", in a manner, after a fashion; II. i. 283.
SPARE, lean; I. ii. 201.
SPEAK TO ME, tell me; IV. iii. 281.
SPEED, prosper; I. ii. 88.
SPLEEN, passion; IV. iii. 47.
SPOIL; "sign'd in thy spoil", *i. e.* having the stains of thy blood as their badges; "spoil" was perhaps used in technical sense for the capture of the prey, and the division among those who have taken part in the chase; III. i. 206.
STALE, make common; I. ii. 73.
STALED, made stale or common; IV. i. 38.
STAND UPON, trouble about; III. i. 100.
STARE, stand on end; IV. iii. 280.

Glossary

STARS, fortunes, fates, alluding to the old belief in the *influence* of the stars under which men were born; I. ii. 140.
 STATE, court; I. ii. 160.
 —, state of things; I. iii. 71.
 —, kingdom, microcosm; II. i. 67.
 STATUE, (trissyllabic); II. ii. 76; III. ii. 196.
 STAY, wait; I. iii. 125.
 —, await; V. i. 107.
 STAYS, detains, keeps; II. ii. 75.
 STERILE CURSE, the curse of being barren; I. ii. 9.
 STILL, always; I. ii. 247.
 STIR, stirring; I. iii. 127.
 STIRR'D, stirring; II. ii. 110.
 STOLE, stolen; II. i. 238.
 STOMACHS, inclination; V. i. 66.
 STOOD ON, regarded, attached any importance to; II. ii. 13.
 STRAIN, race; V. i. 59.
 STRANGE-DISPOSED, strangely disposed; I. iii. 33.
 STRENGTH OF MALICE, (v. Note); III. i. 174.
 STRICKEN, struck; II. i. 192.
 STRUCKEN, struck; (F. 1, "*stro-ken*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*stricken*"); III. i. 209.
 SUBURBS, outskirts, (with probably an allusion to the fact that the suburbs in London and other cities were the general resort of disorderly persons); II. i. 285.
 SUCCESS, good fortune; II. ii. 6.
 —, issue; V. iii. 66.
 SUDDEN, quick; III. i. 19.
 SUFFERANCE, patience; I. iii. 84.
 —, suffering; II. i. 115.
 SUREST, most safely; IV. i. 47.
 SURLY, sullenly; I. iii. 21.
 SWAY, "the s. of earth"; equilibrium; (? "the government and

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established order of the earth" Schmidt); I. iii. 3.
 SWEAR, let swear; II. i. 129.
 SWORE, caused to take an oath; V. iii. 38.
 SWOUND, swoon; I. ii. 257.
 S W O U N D E D, swooned; (Ff., "*swoonded*"); I. ii. 252.
 TAG-RAG PEOPLE, the common people, rabble; I. ii. 264.
 TAKE THOUGHT, give way to melancholy; II. i. 187.
 TARDY, slow, laggard; I. ii. 311.
 TASTE, sort, way; IV. i. 34.
 TEMPER, constitution; I. ii. 129.
 TENOR, contents; IV. iii. 171.
 THASOS, an Island in the Ægean, off the coast of Thrace; (Ff., "*Tharsus*"); V. iii. 104.
 THAT, suppose that done; II. i. 15.
 THEN, in that case; V. i. 100.
 THESE AND THESE, such and such; II. i. 31.
 THEWS, muscles, strength; I. iii. 81.
 THICK, dim, short-sighted; V. iii. 21.
 THIS; "by this", i. e. by this time, now; I. iii. 125.
 THREAT, threaten; V. i. 38.
 THUNDER-STONE, thunderbolt; I. iii. 46.
 TIBER BANKS, the banks of the Tiber; I. i. 64.
 TIDE OF TIMES, course of times; III. i. 257.
 TIME OF LIFE, full period of life; V. i. 106.
 TIME'S ABUSE, abuses of the time; II. i. 115.
 T I N C T U R E S, memorial blood-stains; II. ii. 89.
 'TIS JUST, just so, exactly; I. ii. 54.

TO FRIEND, for our friend, as our friend; III. i. 143.

TOILS, snares, nets; II. i. 206.

TO-NIGHT, last night; II. ii. 76.

TOOK, taken; II. i. 50.

TRASH, rubbish, worthless stuff; I. iii. 108.

TROPHIES, tokens of victory; I. i. 75.

TRUE, honest; I. ii. 268.

TURN HIM GOING, send him off; III. iii. 38.

UNBRACED, unbuttoned; I. iii. 48; II. i. 262.

UNDERGO, undertake; I. iii. 123.

UNDERLINGS, serfs, mean fellows; I. ii. 141.

UNFIRM, not fixed, not firm; I. iii. 4.

UNGENTLY, unkindly; II. i. 237.

UNICORNS; "u. may be betrayed with trees"; alluding to the belief that unicorns were captured by the huntsmen standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged; its horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast; II. i. 204.

UNLUCKILY, foreshowing misfortune ominously; III. iii. 2.

UNMERITABLE, undeserving; IV. i. 12.

UNPURGED; "u. air," *i. e.* unpurged by the sun; II. i. 266.

UNSHAKED OF; "u. o. motion," *i. e.* undisturbed by any motion; III. i. 70.

UNTROD; "this u. state," *i. e.* this new state of affairs; III. i. 136.

UPMOST, uppermost, topmost; II. i. 24.

UPON; "u. a heap," in a heap, crowded all together; I. iii. 23.

—, in intruding upon; II. i. 86.

UPON, conditionally upon; III. i. 221.

—; "u. a wish," as soon as wished for; III. ii. 273.

—, in consequence of, from; IV. iii. 152.

USE, custom; II. ii. 25.

—; "did u.," were accustomed; I. ii. 72.

VAUNTING, boasting; IV. iii. 52.

VENTURES, what we have ventured, risked; IV. iii. 224.

VESTURE, garment; III. ii. 204.

VOICE, vote; III. i. 177.

VOID, open; II. iv. 36.

VOUCHSAFE, vouchsafe to accept; II. i. 313.

VULGAR, common herd, common people; I. i. 76.

WAFTURE, waving; II. i. 246.

WARN, summon; V. i. 5.

WASPISH, petulant; IV. iii. 50.

WEEP, shed; I. i. 64.

WEIGHING, taking into consideration; II. i. 108.

WELL, in a friendly way; IV. ii. 6.

WELL GIVEN, well disposed; I. ii. 197.

WHAT; "what night," *i. e.* what a night; I. iii. 42.

—!, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 1.

WHEN, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 5.

WHERE, when; I. ii. 59.

WHET, instigate; II. i. 61.

WHETHER, (monosyllabic; Ff., "where"); I. i. 67.

WHO, the man who; I. iii. 120.

—, which; V. i. 83.

WHOLE, well, healthy; II. i. 327.

WIND, turn, wheel; IV. i. 32.

Glossary

WIT, intelligence, (so F. 2.; F. 1, "*writ*"); III. ii. 229.

WITH, by; I. iii. 83; III. i. 42; III. ii. 205.

WITH A THOUGHT, quick as thought; V. iii. 19.

WIVES, women; III. i. 97.

WOE THE WHILE!, alas the time!; I. iii. 82.

JULIUS CÆSAR

WORD; "at a w.," at his word; I. ii. 275.

WORLD, condition of affairs; I. ii. 319.

YEARNs, grieves; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*earnes*"; F. 4, "*earns*"); II. ii. 128.

YET, still; II. i. 245.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By ANNE THROOP CRAIG

GENERAL

1. To what period of Shakespeare's work does this play belong?
2. Comment upon the style and structure.
3. What are the historic materials of this play?
4. What impression does the handling of Cæsar's character give? Is the historical impression of Cæsar's character superior? In what ways does it differ?
5. What may have been the policy of the drama with regard to the presentment of Cæsar?
6. How did Cæsar appear to the conspirators?
7. Which of them appear disinterested, if any?
8. In what ways is the character of Brutus consistent with his becoming accessory to the conspiracy? How did he differentiate his personal love for Cæsar from his loyalty to the state, as he saw its need?
9. How does the outcome of the drama act as a test of the soundness of the conspiracy?
10. What was the political situation in Rome of which Cæsar was the representative? Had this situation given the people genuine cause for discontent?
11. How are the characters of Brutus and Cassius set in contrast?
12. What is revealed of Antony's character in this play?

ACT I

13. In scene i why do the two Tribunes drive the work-people back from the streets?

14. Why is Pompey's memory representative of a cause opposite to Cæsar's?

15. How does Flavius express his fear of Cæsar's greatness?

16. What comment does Cæsar make upon the soothsayer's warning?

17. What passes between Brutus and Cassius when they are left together?

18. What does it make evident of the internal perplexities of Brutus?

19. How does Cassius express his feeling towards Cæsar? What is its apparent tendency?

20. What does Cæsar say to Marc Antony that indicates his suspicions of Cassius?

21. What account does Casca give of the occurrences at the Capitol?

22. What does Cassius plan in order to influence Brutus to his own purposes?

23. What phenomena are reported through scene iii, and what are they supposed to portend?

24. What other conspirators against Cæsar are mentioned at the close of the Act?

ACT II

25. What is the substance of Brutus's reflections in the orchard?

26. What does it reveal of his mind, and how does it explain the conspirators' influence over him, in spite of his personal love for Cæsar?

27. Why do the conspirators decide to exclude Cicero?

28. How does the spirit of Brutus show by contrast with that of Cassius when he remonstrates against the suggestion of murdering Antony?

29. What does Decius say of the possibility of flattering Cæsar and what he can be led to through it?

30. How does the interview of Brutus with his wife show the spirit in which he has entered upon the conspiracy?

JULIUS CÆSAR

Study Questions

31. What fears does Calpurnia have? What do they lead her to do?

32. How does Cæsar interpret the omens reported to him?

33. What is the outcome when the conspirators arrive to fetch him to the Capitol?

34. What attempt is made by Artemidorus to save Cæsar?

35. How is foreboding conveyed in the final scene?

ACT III

36. How does Cæsar himself put away his chance of being saved?

37. How do the conspirators accomplish their design?

38. What had Cæsar done to Metellus Cimber that was judged a wrong?

39. How did it affect Cæsar to see Brutus among the conspirators?

40. Cite lines of Brutus, Decius, and Cassius following Cæsar's death, that are characteristic of fanatical reformers.

41. What message does Antony send Brutus?

42. What sentiment underlies his words to Brutus when he enters and asks that the conspirators kill him also as well as Cæsar?

43. What does Brutus say in substance when he speaks from the Forum to the people? How do the citizens receive his words?

44. How do they receive Antony at first?

45. What is the substance of Antony's address?

46. How are the people moved by it? How does the development of their sentiment demonstrate the sentiments of the masses?

47. What is the purpose of the introduction of the scene between Cinna the poet, and the citizens?

ACT IV

48. What is the outcome of the council in Antony's house?

49. To what situation does scene ii introduce us?

50. What does Brutus discover in the character of Cassius?

51. What caused Portia to kill herself?

52. What is the advice of Brutus to Cassius with regard to the action they are to take?

53. Describe the scene in the tent leading to the appearance of Cæsar's ghost.

ACT V

54. What is the substance of the passage between the generals of the two armies?

55. What are the words of Brutus to Cassius with regard to the outcome of the day?

56. Describe the progress of the battle.

57. Describe the manner of Brutus's death.

58. What is Antony's eulogium of him?

